

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1866.

"UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

The beautiful "Church of the Holy Martyrs," a nectarine—the elegant outlines of her figure was thrown open for a week-day service, and in repose—the statuesque symmetry of a sermon in aid of a charity, by an eloquent and little gloved hands lying gently on her lap, distinguished missionary preacher, belonging her exquisitely tasteful dress; the delicious to another sect from that which worshipped suspicion of perfume that floated towards him there, but endeared to all by the splendor of from the folds of her lace handkerchief—and his talents, the purity of his self-sacrificing he had followed with pleasure, the sweet, soft Christian life. murmur of her voice through the responses.

The building was filled to its utmost limit, But as the sermon proceeded, his interest was not only by the fashionable congregation who gradually transferred to the speaker, in utter resorted to it weekly, but with a crowd of oblivion of the fair creature at his side. In strangers, brought hither by the report of vain she turned upon him the prettiest view of Mr. ———'s power and eloquence. As usual a remarkably pretty profile—in vain, with as at such an hour, and on such an occasion, the much of petulance and coquetry as are com- seats were occupied mostly by ladies, with but patible with the proprieties of a church, did a few gentlemen accompanying them, or clus- she strive to attract and recover his wandering- tered in the less desirable places near the door. attention; changing and rechanging her posi- tion, allowing her silken robes to brush past

Far within the interior was one, who attend- and rustle over him, dropping her tiny hand- ing in his capacity of escort, as in duty bound, kerchief at his feet, misplacing her footstool, to his betrothed bride, with the same graceful or proffering a surplus prayer book for the readiness which he would have exhibited in support of his elbow; she could not rouse him conducting her to any other place where it from the trance of forgetfulness towards her- pleased her fancy to go, had found himself un- self, into which he had fallen. Touched, expectedly repaid for this complaisance, by the awakened, thrilled, he listened with earnest wonderful power and pathos of the discourse, and sincere devotion, to such words of power to which he now listened, rapt and absorbed, as he had never heard before.

At first his eyes had fallen admiringly on The charity in behalf of which the sermon his fair companion, watching with deeply in- was preached, was an asylum for orphan- terested attention, every motion and look of- children, particularly those of soldiers and here; the graceful gesture with which she bent sailors, or others following precarious profes- sions. It was enforced by a text, common forward in devotion on her entrance, resting a enough, and familiar to the memories of all, flowery French bonnet against the carved rail, yet that fell like the piercing, penetrating notes of a trumpet—with divine sweetness and tinged with a rich clear color like the blush of tenderness of a heavenly message, on the

thrilling ears, the melting hearts of that congregation. Under its influence, thoughtless, fine ladies relented towards the suffering children of poorer mothers, and gave the price of an expensive toy for their own darlings, to clothe and nourish these—vain girls relinquished the purchase of some coveted decoration for the same worthy cause—the miser loosened his purse-strings, the Pharisee forgot that he was seen of men, and left his offering side by side with the publican's—kind fathers felt pitifully towards the bereaved orphans of other fathers less fortunate, and showed their sympathy by liberal and large donations—dissipated young men willingly threw down for a good purpose what they were used to expend so recklessly in a bad one—all yielding to the overpowering force of the words repeated so earnestly above them—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Langdon Power conducted his fair companion home in silence and solemnity, quite unusual to him, and quite unbearable to the pretty coquette, who was accustomed to monopolize his time and thoughts, and felt jealous even of the orphan children and the missionary minister who had momentarily diverted the attention of her handsome lover from herself. All her efforts to rouse him from his reflective mood on the way, proved vain; he was blind to her pouting petulance, deaf to her satirical sallies, and strode silently along by her side, so absorbed in his own meditations as to make her feel for once the diversity of their natures, and that though she had his arm, they might as well be divided by rivers and mountains as by the different thoughts that filled their minds while their feet trod the same pavements and their bodies were hastening to the same elegant abode in "Japonica-dom," where Miss Laura Fleming lived when she was at home.

"You won't come in, I suppose?" she said, rather sullenly, as they neared the door.

"Not at present, thank you," he answered, in an absent way. "I will call as usual, if you will allow me, this evening." And lifting his hat, he left her in the custody of the servant who opened the door.

Miss Fleming looked after him as he went, in amazement that contended with pique—he had never so treated her since their engagement, nor, indeed, before it, and she was not used to be eclipsed in the eyes of her admirers by any other interest, past or present. It was very unpleasant and very unflattering,

but Langdon Power was a particularly good match, and must be given some little license. It would not do to hold him to so strict an account as the mob of Johns and Georges who are sworn into a belle's service by the dozen, and content to wear her favors and perform her behests, whether they be rue or orange-blossoms, to dance with or to marry her. She had, moreover, other occupations that precluded the possibility of giving much time to this, and had banished her feeling of annoyance at her lover's conduct by the time his retreating figure was out of sight.

Her lover himself, as he walked slowly down the street, was occupied with speculations in which her image had no share, and had, indeed, almost forgotten the fact of her existence. She stood for him as the symbol of worldly happiness and prosperity, and he was thinking of something far more stable, more satisfying, and yet more unsubstantial, than the bright image of those his future wife presented as she bade him adieu—something that he had heard about languidly and indifferently, and believed in vaguely and dimly all his life, but that had never been brought home to his heart, his soul or his intellect, his sympathies, senses and feelings, till he heard those thrilling words to-day—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these *my brethren*, ye have done it unto me."

He was wondering if the poor gratuity—the twenty dollar bill that would have gone for cigars in another hour, and was hardly missed from his well-filled pocket-book—had discharged his obligation, paid his debt in full to Christ's brethren and little protégés—the doing of a good deed to whom was doing it to the Maker of the universe, Lord of heaven and earth. Scattered up and down the world, clustered all about us, guarded by His blessing, protected with a curse the most awful those mild lips ever pronounced against they who wrong by intention—or neglect, it may be—one of His little ones, was there a deeper meaning in the injunction that any hearer in a Christian land, and having heart or conscience, must be bound to fulfil? In this great city, from within whose crowded streets a score of childish souls went daily up to God, were there none that, with the innocence of their infancy destroyed, the whiteness of their purity spoiled and stained, would plead against him in Heaven, and against all those who, hearing and yet unheeding, went their way and left them at the mercy of the world?

Langdon Power was an orphan too, but a

very wealthy one. His father had died in his infancy, leaving him heir to a handsome estate; his mother had faded quietly out of life in a lovely Italian villa, where sweet airs and soft skies charmed away half the pain of the hereditary disease that destroyed her. A guardian was easily found for the boyish possessor of so large a property; tutors, governors, companions and friends had been plentiful and kind; they had hardly let him feel the desolation of his lot, the deprivations of his bereaved and orphan life. So had not the same fate fallen on the lonely children he met every day, to whom the loss of parents meant the loss of home, love, protection, any good and kindly influence—meant ignorance of everything virtuous, and knowledge of all vice—meant poverty and pain, hard words and harder blows, and utter alienation from the civilized Christian world that lived and moved all about them, while they suffered and struggled in a darker than heathen gloom.

His steps had involuntarily wandered towards a wretched precinct, which he had often passed in his walks, and stopped a moment to gaze upon before he pursued his way, inwardly wondering if the beings he saw here belonged to the same order of humanity as himself, and had been moulded to their present similitude by the mere accidents of birth and habits, of ignorance, want, and poverty. It had been easy for the rich, well-born and well-bred young man so to wonder and tranquilly pass on, as one who leaves the too close contemplation of a subject in which he can have no possible interest or accountability—but to-day it was not so. The groups of old-faced girls and boys, ragged, neglected, dirty, horribly profane in their language, barbarously rude and wild and uncontrolled in their conduct, who screamed and squabbled and fought like savages in the dingy court, had a horrible fascination for him from which he could not escape. These impish creatures had once been made in the likeness of the Deity they blasphemed—it seemed to him that it was by the fault of such as he that they had sunk so far below it.

He was still sorrowfully looking on—with a new sensation of remorse and responsibility in his reflections—indifferent to the abusive speeches directed to him, and the occasional stones or brickbats flung at the well-dressed stranger, who, to their suspicious minds, was watching their games for no good purpose—when a little girl of two or three years old, issuing from the lowest door of a crazy tene-

ment house, tottered across the street to him and clung crying to his hands, which she could just reach. She was followed and threatened by a slatternly old woman, as intemperate in her language as she evidently was in her habits, who desisted from the pursuit when she saw where the child had taken refuge, and stood at a distance irresolute.

Yielding to his first kind impulse, the young man lifted the little creature in his arms, and soothed her with a few gentle, caressing words. She was such a poor, sickly, dirty object, that he almost recoiled from her sight and touch, but the silent appeal of those baby fingers twining round his own was not to be resisted. Her eyes were cast down, too weak to bear the light for more than a brief, hurried glance, but on the little face, soft and childish through all its thinness, distress and pallor, there gleamed a momentary smile of happiness and content that came and went like a sunbeam across its wretchedness; and she sat quietly in her place against his shoulder, proudly as on a throne. There was a certain sweetness in this confident dependence on his protection, and Langdon Power held the child firmly as he addressed the avenging fury who pursued her.

"What has she done?" he rather curtly asked.

"Done, is it? Ah thin, in mischief ivery hour in the day, and the plague iv me life. And what business is it iv yours, me fine gentleman?"

"Only that I don't like to stand by quietly and see the poor baby abused. What were you doing with that big stick to a little thing like this?"

"An' can't I do what I like wid me own?" she whined, "that's sufferin', sure, for the want iv a little correcthion?"

"Is it your child, then?"

"My child, is it? Divil a bit thin—if she had been I'd a' broke ivery bone in her body before this, when she sarved me like the rest iv thim; but she's a poor little fatherless, motherless thing, so I had mercy on her, the crayther!"

Langdon's lip curled as he glanced from the powerful hand grasping the "big stick" he had commented upon, to the sobbing child on his breast.

"And that is your mercy?" said he, sternly.

"Ah, well," sneered the virago, "if ye wish her betther trated ye can do it yerself hereafter—by that same token I'll have no more trouble wid her, the saints be praised!" and

she moved away, leaving her unconscious charge in his keeping.

A strange impulse of pity stirred Langdon's blood. He had no thought of more than a momentary protection when he took the poor child in his arms; but he was ready now to do more—to the utmost, if need be—in his new comprehension of duty.

"Stop," he said to the woman, "before you leave this helpless creature on my hands—a trust I will accept and discharge before God to the best of my ability—and tell me if there is no one else who has a claim on her?"

"None, sir, sure," she answered, more conciliatingly, pleased with the prospect of getting rid of her burden. "Her mother was dead, and her father brought her to me to be nursed belike, as if I'd not enough of me own; but he sint the paymint reglar till he wint where they niver pay no more, and left nothing for her. Thin I tried her to the almshouses—I've so many at home—but they were full, and put me off wid one pretence an' another, an' paid me a thrifle weekly that wouldn't keep a cat."

She was going on with the story of her wrongs in a high, loud voice, but he again interrupted her.

"The child's name?" he inquired.

"She niver had one at all, at all. Only 'a little devil' whin she's bad, and something less, perhaps, if she behaves herself."

"Nameless, homeless, fatherless, friendless, poor little waif!" thought Langdon, resolutely lifting his protégé in his arms. "I assume all care of her, then, henceforth," he said, and with no more words turned away, and bent his steps towards the fashionable hotel in which he lived, quite heedless of the curious or amused stare of those he met upon the way. After a brief conference with the landlord, a room not far from his own apartments was placed at her service and that of the nurse he obtained for her; she was bathed, dressed, and provided with all needful comforts, her eyes put under the care of an eminent oculist, and then her protector had leisure to realize all he had undertaken in her behalf.

He found his unusual action, natural as he had thought it under the circumstances, attended with a notoriety that he had not expected. People talked about it ill-naturedly and perseveringly; they insisted upon regarding it as a mystery, and striving to explain the same. All sorts of opinions were exchanged, all sorts of stories told; his own simple account was received with demure doubt as he gave it, and utterly repudiated in

his absence; and the reason he rendered—the true one—obtained little credence among those who should have known him best, and called themselves his "friends."

"People do not do such Quixotic things now-a-days," said Mrs. Grundy—and indeed it is to be feared they do not to any great extent, or we should be more willing to believe in the possibility of deeds of disinterested goodness, and take brighter views of human nature. "A young man of his fortune and position! Absurd!" And as Mrs. Grundy represents the voice of "society," "absurd" it remained.

Lastly, the news reached Miss Laura Fleming, his betrothed wife, and left her in a state of bewildered indignation, such as seizes minds like hers on hearing of any act of uncommon kindness or benevolence, of pure, unselfish charity like that her future husband was meditating. Working herself up to the proper pitch of injured feeling, by the recapitulation in fancy of all the evils that would follow, to herself, this strange step, she attacked him on the occasion of his next visit.

"I have been hearing a great deal about you to-day," she said—allowing her hand to rest in his, for coaxing might be necessary—as they sat side by side on the sofa one evening.

"Then I hope it was something pleasant."

"Oh, no! Very unpleasant, I think; all your friends think so—only, of course, we hope it is not true. You don't know how miserable I have been about it," with a slight sob.

"Tell me at least what it is," suggested Langdon, quietly. "Perhaps your dreadful report is one I can conscientiously contradict; if so, I shall be happy to set your mind at rest."

"They say you have been adopting a little girl, murmured Laura, hysterically—"a dirty little creature, nobody knows who, picked up out of some alley—and that you mean to bring her up as your own and leave her all your property. Do say it isn't so, and then I can disappoint so many people who have enjoyed coming here and telling me."

Langdon laughed. "I can't do that, Laura; your friends were quite right in all but the matter of the will; I have not been so thoughtful as they, and had entirely forgotten it; but that shall be set right at once; some provision must be made for her, of course, in case of anything suddenly happening to me."

Laura sat watching him with a face of horror.

"Do you mean," she cried, desperately, "that it is all true what they say of you?"

"It is quite true," he answered, smiling, "that I have taken a poor little girl, a mere baby, from a place where she was ill-treated and among evil influences, and that I mean to adopt and educate her, and make her a good and happy woman, God willing. I have no sisters, no family ties of any sort; perhaps this child, who seems gentle and affectionate, may take their place in some degree, and learn to love me as a friend and brother; you as a dear relative. Whether she proves all we could wish or not, my duty to her is plain; under the circumstances in which I found her, she came to me as a sacred trust that I shall strive faithfully to discharge—with your help if you will give it, without it if I must. But surely, dear Laura, you will not object, who are a Christian, religious and charitable by profession, and a communicant of that church in which you heard it said so lately and so earnestly, 'Whosoever doeth it unto the least of these.'"

"I do," she said, violently, "I do object—I don't believe your story; I don't approve your charity; I have no patience with such ridiculous philanthropy. There are plenty of places for a little beggar and outcast like that, where she can be properly provided for, and taken as much care of as you will, without bringing her to your house, giving her your name, making her your heir. Remember, if she comes into your house I will not come to give her an equal right there, to treat her as a companion, to train, and rear, and educate her. Don't expect me to help and countenance you in any such absurd scheme, for I will never do it!"

"Laura!"

"Never!" she repeated, decisively. "Choose between us!"

"I can have but one choice," he said, rising. "As a Christian, a gentleman, a man of honor, I will not go back from my word, and break the pledge I have given to that poor unconscious child. It is not merely food, and clothing, and shelter that she needs, or the care and education that charity could give and money pay for, but love, and home, and friends, and kind protection, thought for the welfare of the heart, and soul, and mind, as well as body. These I have engaged to find in her behalf, trusting to you to aid me; and if your womanly sympathies are not joined with mine in this service, I am alone indeed. It is the first time in my experience, I am ashamed to say,

that I ever attempted to use my abundant means with an earnest desire to benefit my fellow-creatures—that I ever did a wholly unselfish and kindly act. Don't try to make me regret it, Laura, or cease to respect you—don't tell me I am to be punished for the one good deed of my life by the withdrawal of my life's one love. Recall your words, my dearest, while there is yet time, before you send me from you with such as these."

He bent pleadingly towards her and took her hand in his, awaiting her answer. She could not help admiring him as he stood before her, beautiful in his new fervor of emotion, grand in his noble, firm resolve—she felt that she had never understood him, or appreciated the force of the nature within him, in her superficial knowledge of the brilliant, handsome man of society. She respected and admired him in that moment more than she had ever done before; but her temper—a trait the experience of which had hitherto been confined solely to the domestic circle—was now fully roused, and drove her on to say in one instant what she would have given worlds to be able to recall the next.

"I will never live with her," she persisted.

"Then I must live without you," he answered, and was gone. He had never loved his promised wife so well, he had never looked forward to their marriage so expectantly, as since this little foundling came to stir new emotions of affection in his heart. He felt its need, with his own, of the gentle guardianship, the soft, subtle influences wanting in himself. He fancied Laura loving the child for his sake—cherishing and fostering it, lavishing upon it all the tenderness of a sweet womanly nature—they three forming one happy household, and his wife eager to assist and sustain him in his first uncertain attempt at what he held to be right, and Christian duty. She had never been, she would never be, so dear as in her association with this best impulse of his life.

He left her and went home—saddened, wiser, disappointed, but brave, and true, and gallant still—to find what consolation he might in the little waif for whom he had sacrificed all the rest. And his charge gave him much. She was not pretty, but she was growing plump and very fair, and her poor dim eyes were getting brighter. She had learned to come and meet him, and lay her small, dark head against his knee with a quiet, dumb affection like a dog's, and when he kindly took her in his arms she would nestle there

silently, as long as he chose to keep her, watching him under her lashes in a rapture of admiring content. As she grew stronger, better, and more playful, he learned to admire her too, and noticed her winning baby ways with great fondness and pride. It was pleasant to receive her greetings when he came home, pleasant to have her childish company in his lonely rooms, pleasant to be so loved and honored, and with such good reason, by the one human creature of whom he had deserved it.

In the first sting of his disappointment in Laura, and of his being misjudged and scandalized by his friends of the gay world, he had withdrawn almost entirely from its society, and rather enjoyed his isolation. It was not easy to come back to his baby charge, who loved him so, and looked forward to his coming, with a clear conscience, from many of the resorts he had been in the habit of frequenting, socially reputable though they might be. The coarse paint of the theatre, the idle conversation of the club-room, the mixed assemblage of the billiard saloon, cards, wine, cigars, races and betting books, seemed all incompatible with the touch of those chubby fingers twining round his—their atmosphere perfumed and pleasant though it might be, unwholesome beside that in which she drew her innocent breath. His "one good deed" became his best of blessings—in brightening her life he purified his own.

Having patiently braved the gossip and the ridicule of his associates and companions, he removed himself and his charge to a quiet boarding house where she and her old nurse could have pleasanter rooms and larger privileges than in the crowded hotel. Here, being now rather prepossessing in appearance, well dressed and well cared for, the child was allowed to play with others of her own age—to have the freedom of the hall, gallery and stairs. She learned somehow to turn the handle of the great front door, and used to watch for him there, a faithful sentinel—peeping out from her post occasionally—for hours at a time.

One day he was unusually late in returning, and she rushing down the steps to meet him, stumbled in her haste against a lady passing by, and fell. The lady was very gentle and very kind; she put aside her long mourning veil from a lovely face, stooping to lift her, and Langdon Power, who was coming to rescue his adopted daughter, came forward still more rapidly and eagerly, holding out both hands.

"Charlotte! Charlotte Parke!" he cried, "my dear, where have you been?"

A deep flush rose in her cheeks and tears ran over lightly from her eyes, as if they were easily used to flow.

"Oh, Langdon," she said, "I have been all round the world since we used to learn our lessons together in papa's study. How could you know me, I have grown so old since, and so sad?"

"How could I forget you? You have grown very lovely and very tall, but you are the same dear girl as ever. Ah! I hope quite the same—you are not married yet?"

"Oh, no—don't speak so. And who is this?"

"That is a very long story," said Langdon, slightly coloring, and lightly laughing; "one of my many eccentricities, Charlotte. I took a fancy to do a good deed, such as perhaps the disciples of old did, in the time when the Gospels were literally interpreted, and not as now, by the 'conveniences' of society. I took that baby out of the streets, where she would have grown up a heathen in a Christian land, and engaged to make a human creature of her; and behold I have lost my friends and my love, and forfeited the esteem of Mrs. Grundy. But you won't desert and disbelieve me, Charlotte?"

"No," said Charlotte, unconsciously patting his sleeve with her little hand, in token of approbation, as she had done ten years before, when he was a boy at his tutor's and she his sister-mentor. "You were always good and brave, Langdon, and I don't believe you are anything else now."

"And you were always my faithful little angel guide and guardian; you must be so still. I have been so lonely since, and gone so widely astray. I want you to bring me back. Sweet spirit, did you feel my need of your kind offices, and come to meet me all across the world? But tell me, where are the rest?"

"All gone," said Charlotte, drooping her head. "I came last from Cuba. Papa lies there and I am alone now."

"You have friends here?"

"Only the lawyer who settles his estate, and my dear old Meigs, who takes care of me."

"Poor cross Miss Meigs! how will she receive me, I wonder? Time and trouble should have softened her acerbities, in all these years."

"I think sorrow softens us all," said Charlotte, gently, lifting up her sweet dark eyes.

"You at least had no need of its purifying influences, and have suffered much for one so young. I wish I could have shielded and saved you from these trials; I wish I could help and

comfort you now, and be your guard against all further ones. We are such old friends!—we were so dear once, and we have been parted so long! I never knew how I missed you till we met again, or, rather, I never knew what I had lost out of my life, that left it so vain and frivolous, so poor and so unworthy. Let me go with you if you are going home—I must not lose sight of you again, and I want to know where you live, that I can come and see you."

And he did come, perseveringly and perpetually, at all times that etiquette permitted, and much oftener than its strictest laws demanded, but Charlotte's duenna, the old governess, who had also had the care of his boisterous boyhood, was not disposed to be critical. Without any knowledge of the "ways of the world" but its rules of grammar and arithmetic, she could not have distinguished a "good match" from a bad one, and had no personal experience of love affairs; but she held a sort of grim fatalistic creed in regard to her pupils—that the gentle sweetness and firm principle of the one which had always been needed to correct the brilliant versatility of the other, during their childish years, must eventually find its mission in modifying the same through life. She was not surprised, therefore, when Langdon installed his adopted daughter in a house of his own, and brought Charlotte there to be its mistress, and her mother, and his own dear wife. The orphan is now the loved and cherished elder sister of Charlotte's children, dear to them for her own sweet sake, and to their mother for her husband's—dearer to her adopted father because through her he found the treasure of his life, and received the richness of the blessing "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto me."

A LEGEND OF THE POET'S HEART.

BY J. QUINCY A. WOOD.

I think I've read in some old lay,

This legend, beautiful as truth,

That, though the poet's strength decay,

His heart retains the glow of youth;

That like some plant in tropic's clime,

It never yields to age's gloom,

But to its latest hour of time,

Displays at once its fruit and bloom;

That, though the poet's eyes grow dim,

And buoyant step and strength be lost,

His heart, a sweet and living hymn,

Is never touched by age's frost.

Delightful thought! worth all the same

In marble writ, to grace the dust

Of mighty bards, whose deathless name

Defy the touch of time and rust!

Oh, Shakespeare, Avon's swan of old,

And Dryden, great amid thy peers,

And Milton, with thy harp of gold,

All—did ye not grow old with years?

Your hearts! so full, so sweet of song,

So battling oft with meaner kind,

Did youth to them its youth prolong,

Nor age's chill their blossom find?

In want, in conflict and despair,

Thou! in whose sweet and tragic line,

Thy Venice still attests how rare,

How tender was thy muse divine—

Oh, Otway! whom the gods did love,

And early claimed from earth and wrong,

The vale of years thou didst not prove—

There fell no autumn on thy song!

To thee, it was a boon to die,

From life's thick woes, the grave to seek,

Thou! whose starr'd wing had soared so high,

Ere age had made thy pinion weak.

Methinks 'twere better thus to die,

Clipp'd in life's full display of bloom,

Than lives to feel youth's ardor high,

Crust o'er with age's chill and gloom;

Yes! dying, feel above us grow

Eadymion's violets, nursed of fame,

Than old, to bear Apollo's bow,

But lack his arrows tipp'd with flame.

See the blind eagle! helpless, old,

Turn his dim eyeballs to the sun!

He hears Jove's vaulting thunder roll'd,

But droops in evening's shadows dun.

Thus, as the eagle wastes away,

Perched in the mountain's misty shroud,

Hears, but sees not the vivid play

Of bolts that rend his native cloud,

So, to my sad and musing eye,

The poet, in life's autumn chill,

No more the wing of song may try,

But droop beside Castalea's rill;

Yes, though the sweet Arcadian lyre

Of Bryant, wreathed with autumn flowers,

And Whittier's human loving wire,

Repeat their youth in Age's powers.

If ever pardoning Pity grieves,

And glids with smiles the graceful tear,

'Tis when some palsied knight believes

He still may launch the warrior's spear!

If e'er grieves Pity true and deep,

'Tis when the poet's falling hand

Attempts the Muse's lyre to sweep,

But falters in its high command!

Ah, when like his, my strength shall wane,

May still my heart retain its youth,

Nor prove the poet's legend vain,

But in its beauty fix its truth.

SAUK RAPIDS, MINN., Sept. 1866.

THE DELANYS.

BY MELICENT IRWIN.

It was near the twilight of one of the winter days that had lost itself and strayed into early spring. The gathering shadows threw a deepening shade, and the fire burning in the grate gave a glimmering, uncertain light, much, Elsie Delany thought, like the fitful home-light of some households. Mabel, her sister, came gliding among the shadows, from the deep recess where the piano stood. She had been playing a low, sweet melody with one hand, her head drooping upon the other. She came, and, kneeling, laid her head in her mother's lap.

"Come, mamma, let us have tea in the English fashion to-night. It will seem pleasanter to have it brought in. That is, if you think father will not come."

"Yes, let us; it will be more sociable," said Rollin, coming from the window-seat he had been sharing with Abbie and her doll, and taking from Elsie the work lying idly in her lap. "Don't you say so, wee Elsie?"

"Wee Elsie," who a year since could have boasted more inches than this same patronizing young gentleman, rose, and ordered the tea brought in. And Rollin moved the easy chair for his mother, folded her shawl tenderly about her, passed the tea, and offered the muffins, in a ceremonious way, with a merry twinkle in his eye, meant to conceal in part the seriousness beneath.

She accepted it all, the invalid mother, quietly, gratefully, with none of that restless annoyance that had of late years characterized her; and Rollin, in part to relieve some little embarrassment he felt, drew himself up and begged his critic, Mabel, to pronounce him unexceptionable, neither "moody, forgetful, nor officious." And for once Mabel found no fault—was gay, without being sarcastic or bitter, asked kindly about Elsie's work, and gave an order to Hannah in a very different from her usual imperious tone. The music and the twilight seemed to have stolen into her heart. Mrs. Delany thanked Elsie when she gave her the usual powder, and did not say "how useless it was to continue taking them," and Rollin's cheek did not flush, nor his eye sparkle impatiently once the whole evening.

"Good-night, mamma," said Abbie, not offer-

ing a kiss, but coming near, and looking as though she would like to. "Will papa come to-morrow?"

"No, I suppose not," replied the lady. "If the train failed to bring him to-night, we were not to expect him till next week."

"And when he does come," spoke Rollin, "it will be decided, will it not, whether," and he hesitated, "whether you go to England or not?"

"Your father thought he should know on his return. At all events, he wished us to be as nearly ready to break up as possible," replied his mother.

"Will you have to go right away, mamma?" asked Abbie, wistfully.

"In the next steamer, probably, if arrangements can be completed," said the lady, speaking reflectively, as much in communion with herself as in answer to the child; and not knowing that the reply sent the little girl—educated into concealment of her feelings through lack of expressed sympathy—to her pillow with many secret tears.

The Delany household stood in a new position. The large mercantile house with which Mr. Delany was connected, wishing to send some one abroad in their interests, Mr. Delany seemed the one best fitted to represent them. In view of other interests, he had not fully accepted, but had conditionally decided to do so.

The voyage, Dr. Edgerton strongly recommended as beneficial to Mrs. Delany. The girls would be benefited by the routine and discipline of a boarding-school, thought their father. They were fine scholars, but were getting into careless home habits. Abbie could go to her Aunt Abbie Marston, for whom she was named; and Rollin could board next door with their friends, the Wetherells, and go on with his studies at the University, running up to see Abbie at vacations. Mr. Delany thought the arrangements admirable.

Now, like some plants whose roots strike deep, though the verdure be not of thrifty growth, real affection for each other lay deep in the heart of the Delanys, though the graceful outgrowth of loving acts and words had in every-day intercourse been repressed and dwarfed. In view of the coming separation,

it was remarkable how the invalid mother found strength and thought to give to the more comfortable ordering of her household—how many inquiries and suggestions regarding her children's needs and interests, for almost the first time in years, occurred to her.

And to Elsie and Mabel a thousand little offices of love ministering to the mother's comfort or amusement, or to their brother's convenience or entertainment, or to little Abbie's pleasure, would continually suggest themselves.

In the shadow of the year, possibly years, of separation that hung over them, there seemed to be no light to discern faults and failings. When Rollin found his gloves nicely mended by Mabel's quick needle, or Elsie came without a word of reproach to take up the ink he had spilled, he would exclaim—"I declare, girls, I am a dreadfully careless fellow! But what a jolly thing it is to have two such good sisters!" And Elsie, with her sunny blue eyes, and fair hair, and delicate, pearly complexion, he called his white rose; and Mabel, with her dark hair and eyes, and brilliant color, he called his red rose; and Abbie, who, "looking up" and "giving up" to her elder brother, had in other days been his favorite, in some new appreciation of her gentle spirit, he christened "heart's-ease."

Not being afraid of a check, he grew more free in manner; finding ready listeners, he gave his conversational powers more frequent airing, his face lighting up with the interest of his sentiment or recital, and Mabel would afterwards say, "Really, Rollin is growing very handsome!"

And so the father, after a longer absence than expected, came home and found them. The comfort and order of his home, caused by his wife's new thoughtfulness and the girls' loving energy in carrying out her suggestions, were most grateful to him after the weariness of hard journeying, and he spoke of it appreciatively.

"It seems so pleasant to get home again; the thought of 'breaking up' is an intrusion," he said.

"It is decided then that we are to go?" his wife spoke interrogatively.

"In all probability. Some negotiations are now pending which will give us a month's additional time; but my conditions will undoubtedly be complied with, and we must be ready and have all arrangements made by that time. I stopped to see Abbie, and she will be delighted to have our Abbie with her. Where are you, little one?"

And Abbie came and stood beside her father,

and leaned her head upon his shoulder, and asked, "How long is a month, papa?"

She listened with a great sinking of heart while he described the nice times she would have at her Aunt Marston's. But she was a brave little girl and did not mean to complain.

"Elsie has taught me your favorite song that she used to sing for you, papa; would you like to hear it?"

"Very much, my daughter!"

And as the clear childish tones, accompanied by the piano, gave a new charm to the sweet old ballad, Mr. Delany thought he had never heard sweeter music.

"You have had a letter from Thomas Pierpoint about the Lorraine Tract," said Rollin, addressing his father. "He asked for an immediate answer. I wrote him as well as I could about the property, telling him you were in the city, and when you would be home—in case he should choose to come and look at it."

"Right, my son. I am glad you wrote him." The father spoke very heartily.

"Really, wife," said Mr. Delany that night, "we are blessed in our children. I did not realize I was going to feel this separation so much!"

If the truth must be told, Mr. Delany had in some moods rather looked forward to it as an escape from the discomfort and fault-finding bickerings that had been wont to greet him on his return.

"The girls are growing up to be daughters any man might be thankful for; and Rollin is getting very manly for a boy of his age; he shows an interest in affairs. It seems to me that you have gained in color since I went away," he added. "Your strength is increased, too. Do not expend any uselessly, you will need it all in preparation, and in seeing the children off."

"I wish I had been a better mother to them, George. I wish I had made their home happier. It seems to me that I have hardly known my children."

"You have not been in health. You have not had the strength, dear."

"Had I exerted what I had, more might have been given me, perhaps. I have been selfishly absorbed in my own maladies. I see it all now."

Excusing her, comforting her, Mr. Delany yet felt a thrill of delight in hope of having his old vision of "a home" restored to him in actual realization.

"When we return, your health being fully

restored—for the mere anticipation seems to have strengthened you—we shall all together, once more, have joy enough to make up for all these years of illness—God permitting," he added devoutly; for when the heart's arcana, where home-joys dwell, is entered, we feel devoutly.

A month passed, and Mr. Delany read the letters brought by the evening mail with unusual attention, returning to one of them for a second perusal. Then with some slight betrayal of excitement, crushing them in his hand, he looked earnestly at his wife.

"Would you be greatly disappointed to give up this England trip?" he asked.

"No, George, it would be a relief!" She spoke with a restful intonation, but added, quickly, "You would not be obliged to go without me, would you, George?"

"Those South-western shares are turning out admirably," replied Mr. Delany, "quite beyond my expectations, though I put Winkerman on the track," he added, briskly. "The truth is, I ought to be there to attend to them. It would be more advantageous to us, all around, than for me to go abroad, and so Winkerman I think sees it. Hawley is ready to take my place, and if your heart is not set on the voyage I will just make it over to him and take up these new advantages. Splendid prospects in those shares—if they are only managed!"

So with the children's winter wardrobe in careful and timely preparation; the house in order it had not seen for years before; a new acquaintance and sympathy awakened in the home circle, the project was, on the whole, with a feeling of relief, abandoned.

"You are so much better, wife, Edgerton will say it is the work of the sea breezes you got in anticipation!"

"The waking up to the necessity of exertion has been of benefit to me, I know," she replied, the color coming to her cheek.

A deep sigh from Abbie arrested her father's attention.

"What are you sighing about, little one? Are you thinking of all the fine times at Aunt Marsden's? You can go and make as long a visit as you like. You can have the enjoyment as well now as though your home were not ready for you to come back to whenever you wish."

"No, papa, it was not that; I was only thinking—" hesitated Abbie.

"Thinking what?"

"I was wondering if we would stop loving each other and being kind, now that we are not going away," said the child, very simply.

"Heart's-ease, you're original!" said Rollin, his cheek flushing.

Abbie glanced timidly to judge from his face whether she had said anything wrong. She thought he did not understand her meaning.

"Elsie can say it better than I. When I told her last night that we all seemed to love each other better since we had thought about going away, she said the remembrance of loving acts, and the hope of being together again, was the silver lining to the cloud of separation, or something like that. I wish we could have the silver lining without the cloud!"

Abbie's loving heart had learned to blossom into expression, with new freedom, in the new sympathetic atmosphere. Her father drew her closer.

"We do not know but we may be separated any day, do we papa?" she said, looking with a sweet, grave look up into his face. "We do not know but the beautiful angels may come and take any one of us, as the ship was going to take you and mamma, to another country, and if they should, 'the remembrance of loving acts, and the hope of being together again,' would be the 'silver lining to the cloud,' just as Elsie said, wouldn't it, papa?"

"God spare us the overshadowing of that cloud long, my precious one," said Mr. Delany, with difficulty keeping his voice steady.

"Oh, but it will come sometime!" said the little girl, speaking very calmly, and as though it was no new thought she was giving expression to. "The angels will come for us sometime, you know, papa, and they may come very quickly; and then we shall not be sorry that we loved each other very dearly, and showed it every day."

Mrs. Delany was quietly weeping. Rollin crossed the room and made place for himself on the sofa between his sisters, and clasped a hand of each in his own.

"A compact, my white rose and red one," he said, softly, a loving, earnest light in his eye.

And it was strange, when an ungenerous act or rude reply was about taking form, how the vision of the waiting angels, as evoked in their minds by the artless words of the little child, "set in their midst," would check and turn aside. And the law of love so grew to rule in the household of the Delanys, that but to enter it, even though a stranger, was to receive a benison.

MINNIE.

AN EVERY-DAY LOVE STORY.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

Late in the evening; the piano covered with sheet music, which showed that some one had played through her whole repertoire; two sisters, one bustling about putting matters in order for retiring, the other lounging on an ottoman.

"What is the matter, Minnie?"

And Minnie answered—"Nothing."

We are afraid that she did not quite tell the truth. Minnie was dull and absent; Mattie, her sister, was bright and cheery, as though it were morn instead of midnight, nearly. Minnie was the prettier, I think, and a certain young gentleman, who was at that very moment in her mind, thought so too. Men always like best the women who give them the most trouble. This is one of the perversities of male human nature.

What did ail Minnie, then? Cheerful Mattie did not know or suspect; and Minnie herself could not quite tell. Perhaps Minnie was fatigued. Yet, if either, Mattie should have been. For she had given her whole evening to the light and cheerful entertainment of a guest—the same said certain young gentleman who had just taken away his bodily presence, but by some psychological anachronism still remained present, possessing Minnie's brain. Mattie had chatted, Mattie had sung, Mattie had played, Mattie had laughed, like a sunny, happy creature as she was, while Minnie had moped all the evening over some nonsensical fancy-work or other. And though that same said certain young man was Minnie's tacitly recognized admirer, he had scarcely been able to draw a word from her. Mattie had rattled on without any persuading, and had sent the gentleman home in good humor with himself and all the world. Minnie was vexed at his very good humor. How did he dare to be pleased when she was silent?

But why was she silent? Why did she leave to her sister the whole pleasure of the evening, if it was a pleasure—the whole burden, if it was a burden? "Did that same said certain young man like her sister better than herself?" was the question Minnie was half asking in her mind. If he did, Miss Minnie, upon our word we think he showed the better taste; though, as we said just now,

men always seem to prefer the woman of all others who is bent on annoying them. Nobody can tell why, but the fact is so. Perhaps it is on the same principle that the angler likes to spend a day in trifling after a few capricious fish, when he could be better served in market for a trifle, or bag fish in a net by the bushel. It is the very angling and the teasing, the excitement of baulks and disappointments, which gives the trout their flavor.

And so the two girls went to their couches; Mattie to sleep soundly like a happy, sensible girl, and to rise with the light, airy and cheerful; Minnie to dream horrid dreams, to mutter in her sleep, and to wake late with the pouts and the headache. But, then, Minnie was "interested," (is not that the word, young ladies?) and Mattie was not. Yet, if on that evening one had seen the three together, the two sisters and the young gentleman, he would have thought that Mattie was the chosen, and Minnie a vexed, and disappointed, and neglected Cinderella, without a fairy godmother.

Mattie was herself, and Minnie was not. And why? Thereby hangs the tale, if tale this can be called. The young gentleman had not yet "made his declaration." The truth was that Minnie never gave him an opportunity. Certainly young ladies should never rush out to meet their swains, and anticipate their proposals. But just as certainly they should not so hedge themselves round that the modest lover never can get near them. Neither should they conduct themselves as if "delicate attentions" in this country were conducted as in New Zealand, where the method of proceeding is stunning, the lady being knocked senseless with a club by her devoted admirer.

Most young girls look forward to a house, and a home, and a husband. Don't misunderstand me to say that they make up their mind to the necessity, and then look out for somebody who will answer. Nobody, either man or woman, proceeds in that way. Such a course will answer in seeking a horse, but not in looking for a wife or a husband. Love's young dream finds its way into most young heads, and it nestled under Minnie's curls.

And the dream awaits the interpretation, and seeks it in making the object your own. This, you perceive, young lady, is the reverse of a horse trade—or, if you will understand better, a shopping tour. In the one case the problem is—given the need of a new hat: how shall I get it? In the other—"I like Amanda, or I like Amandus: how shall I persuade Amanda or Amandus to like me?"

Minnie was too conscious of her own secret. She let her hope become too evident, and yet not evident. For Minnie is modest. She betrayed her pre-occupation, concealing the cause. Having a secret motive actuating her in all she did, what she did was perfectly inexplicable, and not to be understood. Poor Minnie was only an enigma to all her friends. Very disagreeable was Minnie sometimes, without at all intending it. Having her own secret, she fancied that every body else had theirs; and furthermore, that every other body's secret had something in it adverse to her own. I am afraid Minnie was suspicious. Yes, that must be the very word. As to one person she was jealous, and as to all the rest of the world suspicious. And this mood she kept secret too, or thought she did; and her hidden or unspoken jealousy made poor Minnie still more an enigma.

She did like that said certain young gentleman. I will not say *love*, for Minnie did not call it love—though, as we have hinted, she dreamed of him. That word love, once so pat in sentimental romance, has, in these rough days, come to be a word not to be spoken except under a kind of shame-faced protest. Men woo as if they were joking, and women accept as if they were guilty of something so ridiculous that it could only be done in an indifferent way. This sort of proceeding is often the cover of very deep and sincere feeling; but why should there be such hypocrisy?

Now, if the young man Minnie liked had been a young woman, there would have been no possible reason why she should not have told her so, and in gushing fondness declared her to be her most intimate friend, from whom death alone should separate her. But as the person she liked was a young man, this was not the right thing to do, at least of her own motion. We suppose young women do confess such things at a certain stage of the proceedings with their lovers; but it is only when the admission is teased and cross-questioned out of them. And even then it is done with a mental reservation, like the hardened sinner's death-bed forgiveness—"If I get well, all this

goes for nothing!" If the engagement does not prove *un fait accompli*, then this shall all be counted a pleasantry.

So Minnie, after the manner of many young women, treated her lover with a kind of constraint; yes, even with a manner which seemed more like aversion than any other feeling. She hid her liking under so thick a veil, that the poor swain never suspected, much less discovered it. Nevertheless, the young man did love Minnie, though, in his unsophisticated innocence, he did not understand her; while she, foolish child, wondered at his stupidity in not discovering the very thing that she took only too successful care to conceal. He made some faint demonstrations, but was so chillingly received that he took refuge in pleasant evenings with her sister and in general attentions, some decent pretext being necessary to excuse his visits; while he quite despaired of making any progress with Minnie. And she, meanwhile, under the common feminine delusion that men can read all a woman's thoughts, was angry as she dared to be that the baffled admirer did not force her to the confession of a love of which he did not suspect the existence.

She was vexed with all her friends, whom she accused in her thoughts of wickedly and cruelly frustrating her happiness. Mother and father and sisters all came under the ban of her secret displeasure; for there was a terrible tempest in little Minnie's bosom. The outer developments were none the less terrific that the inner cause was concealed. As a volcano tosses out stones and lava, and we see the shower, but nobody can tell exactly what makes the pot boil, so Minnie gave out scowls and sharp words, and, I am afraid, sometimes sharp elbow-hits, and nobody knew the philosophy of the hidden fire. Some said it was dyspepsia, which is the modern master-key to all eccentric conduct; but Dr. Bolus said "Humph!" to that.

So, through the storm, Horace (it is time to give him a name) tried to be agreeable, but with indifferent success. He did not, indeed, know all his lady's vagaries, for when visitors were present she wore the conventional face, and was apparently well-bred, if not cordial. Words will not change things, or complaints cure bad fashions. The world will go on as ever, and the follies of society remain, notwithstanding our protest. But it does seem a great pity that men and women seldom learn until they are "wooned and married and a," how love-sieges should be conducted, and how

received. Light comes on the parties interested only soon enough to show them what fools they have been, and how much more sensibly they might have behaved themselves, and how easily, had they been wise, they might have read each other's thoughts. Widows and widowers slip into matrimony with amazing aptitude. Male flirts and female coquettes marry at last suddenly. But "Love's Young Dream" must always have a touch of the nightmare in it.

And that was the reason that Minnie muttered in her sleep. There is a superstition that if one talks in her dreams, and is questioned by a cunning inquisitor, all her secret thoughts may be drawn out. I don't know what Mattie did or said to Minnie on that night after the evening at which this sketch opens. But on the morrow, Mattie looked very roguish and very wise, and Minnie, who saw everything and suspected everybody, was more gloomy and reticent than ever. The one seemed like a person who had met the sphynx and guessed his riddle, the other like a miserable body who had made up her mind that she was to be devoured, a meal for the monster. And the monster suspicion, worse than any chimera of mythology, was devouring her.

Now draw we this desultory drama to a close. Enter, for the last scene and tableau, Horace, who "might be seen," as a novelist would say, on this day as on every day, "when the sparrows homeward fly," tending with doubtful step towards his home; if the line be true, "'tis home where'er the heart is."

The Philadelphia Directory located him, to be sure, in another street; but Directories cannot be cited in evidence in love stories. And the subject of his thoughts (we writers know everybody's thoughts) was the very capricious and troublesome temper of his inamorata. She certainly accepted his attentions after a fashion, but it was the fashion of one who was tempting danger and facing a terror. He knew that she desired an interview, such as lovers hold but once in their lives; and yet she as constantly defeated as he proposed it. Not that he had ever dared to say, "Minnie, a word alone with you," for that, he thought, would be to precipitate the whole question; and when the fates threw them alone, she was so distraught and he so terrified that he felt pale, and she mocked his awkwardness in a spite quite as awkward as his bashfulness.

What a couple of fools! you are ready to say. Unquestionably! But then if men and women were wise in their wooing and their

being wooed, there could be no novels written. If the course of true love could run smooth, it would be no romantic, but a dull, canal-like affair. There would be no broken hearts and long-drawn sighs, no sad partings and no happy meetings, no love's chidings and no delightful reconciliations.

But Horace has reached the door. A sylph, who has watched at the window for his inevitable approach—inevitable as the twilight and the lamplighter, slips out to meet him. Minnie? Bless your dear heart, no! A thousand times no! And more noes to that, if ten hundred are not enough to speak the virtue of outraged modesty and maiden coyness. The heart of the swain bumped audibly against his waistcoat as he heard the fairy foot-fall and the matter of fact silk rustle—but it was only Mattie. His breath returned; but he lost it again as she took his hand with over-courtesy and led him to the parlor, as if she were leading a partner out for the dance. Minnie half rose, as if her lap were full of apples; and half nodded, as if her neck were full of kinks; and wholly blushed, as if her thoughts were full of consciousness. Consciousness of what? Horace said nothing; but he wished—well, as he did not say what, I won't pretend to know.

"Now," said Mattie, with an exaggerated obeisance, as if fresh from Mr. Turveydrop and the study of deportment, "now I have the honor to present two silly people to each other. And I have the announcement to make that I will no longer stay in the room for them to play bo-peep over my shoulders. And the sentence of the two culprits is, that, like obstinate jurymen, they shall be shut up together until they come to an agreement."

And Mattie, so saying, left them to their fate. What was said at their interview has never transpired; but a general inference may be drawn from the fact that Minnie was last heard of at Niagara Falls, where, she wrote me, there were forty brides then present, herself included.

Of four men who were recently convicted at one of our police courts of drunkenness and disorderly conduct on the Sabbath, the first pleaded he had been to a *funeral*; the second, that he had been to a *wedding*; and the two last, that they had been to *christenings*. Fathers, mothers, and teachers! labor to break down these ruinous drinking customs, and let not another generation be blighted by them!

THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

The mother of Washington was remarkable for the vigor of her intellect and the firmness of her resolution. Left in early life the sole parent of a young and numerous family, she devoted herself with exemplary fidelity to the task of guiding and educating them. With limited resources she was able, by care and economy, to provide for them and to insure them a respectable entrance upon the duties of life. A firm believer in the sacred truths of religion, she taught its principles to her children, and inculcated an early obedience to its injunctions. She endeavored to impress on their minds the sanctity of the Word of God and its beautiful requirements, and to induce them to keep the commandments from love and a desire to do the will of the Lord, and always to do to others as they would have others do to them. She acquired and maintained a wonderful ascendancy over those around her. This true characteristic of genius attended her through life, and even in its decline, after her son had led his country to independence, and had presided over the councils of the nation, he approached her with the same reverence she had required of him in early youth.

ages, must have added to the number of those master-spirits whose fame rests on the faculties they abused, and the injuries they committed. How important to the females of our country are these reminiscences of her on whom its future prosperity depended. Principles less firm and just, and affection less regulated by discretion, might have changed the character of the son, and with it the destinies of the nation.

The virtue and intelligence of our females are of the first importance; as mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, their duties are performed with exemplary fidelity, and they no doubt realize the powerful influence they are exerting on the youth of our country. They have before them this illustrious example of maternal devotion, and this bright reward of filial success. Impressions made in infancy, if not indelible, are effaced with difficulty, and renewed with facility; and upon the mother usually depends the fate of the son. In May, 1833, the cornerstone was laid for a monument to be erected at Fredericksburg, Va., to the memory of the mother of Washington, the expense of which was paid by Silas E. Burrows, of New York.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

C.

LAKE GEORGE.

This course of maternal discipline, no doubt restrained the natural ardor of his temperament, and conferred upon him that power of self-command which was one of the most remarkable traits of his character. Her principles and conduct were closely interwoven with the destiny of her son. The great points of her character are before the world, and one may read them in the whole career of her son, as a citizen, a soldier, and a magistrate. He possessed a correct judgment, great probity of purpose, high moral principles, uniform self-possession, untiring application, and an inquiring mind. He sought information from every quarter, and arrived at conclusions with a full knowledge of the subject, when nothing could change his inflexible resolution but a conviction of error. The life and conduct of his mother, and her domestic government were admirably adapted to form and develop such a character. The power of greatness was there, but had it not been guided and directed by maternal solicitude and judgment, its possessor, instead of presenting to the world examples of virtue, patriotism, and wisdom, which will be precious in all succeeding

In a letter to the *Independent*, Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler writes of this lovely sheet of water:—"Lake George is the peerless water of America. 'Lac Sacrament' the French Canadians christened it, and carried off its crystalline water in jars for the use of their baptismal fonts; but the Indians gave it a better name when they called it *Horicon*. It means the *silvery water*. The charm of this matchless lake lies in its almost celestial purity and absolute freedom from the soil and stain of ordinary earthly existence. It 'dwells apart,' purged from the grossness of common life. The pellucid purity of the water (so clear that at a depth of twenty feet a pebble can be distinguished on the bottom); the purity of the air, that seems to be strained of every atom of dust or vagrant smoke; the rainbow-washed verdure of these mountain-sides; the sympathetic cleanliness of the very hotels, the row-boats, and the walks through the pleasure-grounds—all these combine to make one feel that he has escaped from our lower world, to breathe the atmosphere of a celestial clime.

PIETY AND POVERTY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Old "Aunt Bender," was one of the poor and humble ones of the earth. Socially she did not fill a very large space, nor was she generally considered of much account in the world. She might have been better off, externally, if she had been as industrious and careful as some of her neighbors. But "Aunt Bender" did not set her heart upon the things of this world, like the neighbors whose condition was in such marked contrast with her own. Moreover she considered poverty a saving grace. Lazarus, in her view went straight to Abraham's bosom because he was a poor beggar.

It would, no doubt, have been much better for "Aunt Bender's" two children, a son and a daughter, if she had given a little more thought to worldly affairs; but then, she had her soul to save, and that was her chief concern. What was the worldly welfare of her children in comparison with her own eternal salvation? The son had grown up idle and ignorant. At fifteen he was known as a very bad boy. At sixteen he went to sea, and after making three or four voyages, left the service, and became a drunken vagabond, dying, at last, in the poor-house. It was not so bad with the daughter, though bad enough. She had a pretty face, and with it she won the heart of a poor mechanic. He married her, and at the time of which we write, she was the lazy mother of three neglected, dirty children, and the bedraggled wife of a discouraged young man, whose home offered him scarcely a single attraction. There was poor promise for the future.

"Aunt Bender" was troubled, as mothers will be, about her children. "It was a strange dispensation of Providence," she would often say, with a sigh. "Had she not borne them up to the throne of grace in her prayers, time and again? Had she not wrestled for them with the master, claiming, in faith, an answer to prayer? She could find only one solution of the dark enigma—her faith had been too weak, and God had punished her, in her children, for lack of faith.

Very hard upon the rich was Aunt Bender. They had their good things here, like Dives; but they would have, like him, their evil things hereafter; and this was, to her, a source of much consolation.

"Your time will come," she was wont to say, with an ominous shake of the head or a grim smile, as she looked upon those who had much worldly goods. "Your silks and your satins, your laces and your jewels, your wimples and your crisping pins, won't stand the eternal fires. All will be changed up yonder, thanks to the Master!" That "thanks to the Master!" with what a hearty zest it was uttered.

The spiritual advisers of Aunt Bender had not all understood her case. Some of them only saw her at class or prayer-meetings, and were misled by her devout air and pious conversation. They understood that she was very poor, and too often encouraged her, unwittingly, to make a merit of poverty as a saving virtue.

"God pities the poor, Sister Bender," would often be said to her in class-meeting; or "The poor have the Gospel preached to them;" or, "The Son of Man had not where to lay his head."

"But there came to the church of which she was a member a preacher of deep spiritual experience and quick penetration; and he soon understood Aunt Bender much better than she understood herself. On the occasion of his second pastoral visit, he found her room, though it was mid-day, in an untidy condition, and her person far from as presentable as it might have been.

"I'm a poor old body," she said, apologetically, as she dusted a chair with her apron, "and live in a very poor way. But my little room is as good a place to pray in as a king's palace."

"That may, or may not be so," answered the preacher, in a serious way.

"Why, brother Grant!" Aunt Bender opened her eyes in astonishment. "The humblest garret or meanest hovel in the land may be as the gate of heaven to a human soul. God is no respecter of places or persons."

"Nor conditions in life, sister Bender." The grave, earnest eyes of the preacher were fixed steadily upon her. She saw admonition in them. "We must do the best we can in our condition, however—make the most of what God gives us—if we expect him to answer our prayers."

"If the heart is right in the sight of God, brother Grant. He looks at the heart."

"The hands are the heart's interpreters," replied the preacher. "The works that they do are a living testimony. A clean heart will make things clean around the person. An orderly heart will create external order."

"I don't find that in the Gospel," said Aunt Bender, looking soberly at her minister. She meant it as a gentle rebuke; and added—"We must not teach for doctrine the commandments of men."

"And we should be quite as careful, sister, not to give the Word of God a meaning it was never intended to convey. In my view, it does not assign to any external condition, as such, special spiritual advantages. Does not make it any easier for the poor to get to heaven than the rich."

"Why, Brother Grant!" The eyes of Aunt Bender opened wide with astonishment. "I'm sure it says, that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Yes, and it says a great many other things that are not to be accepted literally," replied the preacher. "Take this passage in its literal sense only, and it declares that no rich man can enter heaven; for it is impossible, you know, for a camel to go through the eye of a needle. Now is it your belief that no rich person can be saved?"

"I don't think many of them can be saved. It isn't in the nature of things."

"Why not in the nature of things? The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. All riches are His, and without Him no man can be their possessor. He is wise and good. All men are equal in his eyes. He is no respecter of persons, and seeks, from Infinite love to save eternally every human soul that He has created. If riches were to become a snare to any one, perilling his soul, would God be a true and loving Father if He gave him riches? I trow not, Sister Bender. Depend upon it, the poor, as such, are in no more salvable condition than the rich. Indeed, we find, in that striking parable of the talents, that it was the possessor of the single talent who was condemned as an unprofitable servant, showing how they who have little are tempted to be idle instead of faithful to what God has committed to their care. From those to whom much is given much is required, and from those to whom little is given little is required; if there be failure in the much or in the little, the condemnation is equal. Neither the rich nor the poor will receive special favor."

"And now, my sister," continued the

preacher, "it is not for you or for me to look very closely into the short-comings of our neighbors, whether they be rich or poor. It is not for us to sit in judgment upon them, but upon ourselves. Our neighbor with five or ten talents may, all unseen by us, be getting other five or ten talents, while our one talent lies hidden in a napkin. While we are thinking how impossible it is for him to enter the kingdom, we may be idly standing on the outer side."

The look of pious satisfaction began slowly fading away. Aunt Bender was pushed fairly down from her self-complacency. There was a searching significance in this parable of the talents, that touched the very core of her life. After a pause, the preacher resumed, glancing around the untidy room as he spoke—

"My sister, it so happens, in the Providence of God, that my lot has been cast for a time among this people, as the shepherd of souls, I must be faithful, or peril my own salvation. I must speak the truth as I see it in the light of reason and Scripture, or stand condemned. Let me say to you, then, in all kindness, and for your good, that I fear you are hiding the one talent God gave you, and doing it at an immortal peril."

The old sallow face crimsoned—the eyes flashed—there was a look of hurt astonishment.

"That is a very hard saying, Brother Grant," Aunt Bender spoke in a husky voice.

"You are poor, but not doing the best you can in your poverty. I called, to-day, upon a sister who has much of this world's goods. I found her, not as I have found you, sitting idly in a dirty and disordered room, but busily engaged in cutting out garments for a sewing circle that is to meet at her house this evening."

"I am old and worn out," said Aunt Bender, in deprecation.

"Though many years older than the sister of whom I speak," replied the preacher, "you have the most physical strength and endurance. Her pale countenance tells of much bodily weakness, and there are not many hours of the day in which she does not suffer pain. But, she is a Christian in the true gospel sense; a worker in the vineyard of her God. She trades with the talents loaned to her, and is gaining other talents for her Lord."

"It is easy enough for the rich to do for others. They have plenty to buy with, and plenty to help them. But, the case of a poor old body like me is very different." Aunt Bender rallied rather amantly.

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little," was answered, "but that little must be given. The widow's mite was as acceptable as the rich man's shekel of gold."

"You talk dreadfully to me Brother Grant!" sobbed Aunty Bender, quite breaking down. It was such a new thing for her to receive admonition. All her pious words had, heretofore, been taken as genuine coin. No one had presumed an intimation that some of them might be counterfeit. And now the new preacher was talking to her as if she were on the high-road to perdition!

"God forbid," he replied, "that I should speak, except in truth and soberness. As I have learned, so I teach."

"In what do I fail, Brother Grant? Point to my shortcomings," was said, with regaining composure.

"Cleanliness and order, are among the commonest of household duties. I class them with Christian virtues," answered the preacher. "It is mid-day, and there is neither cleanliness nor order here. Why not? Are you sick? Have you been busy over other pressing work? Or, have you been giving a helping hand to some poorer neighbor?"

Aunty Bender sat with downcast eyes, and made no response. She had never been so lectured before. Her state of mind fluctuated between conviction and indignation.

"What have you been doing all these precious hours since the sun rose? Anything for the good Lord?" continued the preacher. "If He were to stand before you now, and say—'Sister Bender, where are your sheaves?' could you point to anything but broken and disordered straw. Have you given, since morning, so much as a cup of cold water to any one? Have you visited a sick neighbor, or comforted a fretting child, or called in from the street one of Christ's neglected little ones and tried to keep it, if but for a single hour, from the ways of temptation? Remember the solemn utterance of the Lord—'Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto the least of these, ye have not done it unto Me.' But, forgive me, my sister, if, in all this, I have dealt uncharitably—have done you wrong. They tell me that you have a married daughter, with three little children, and that she is neither very strong nor very tidy; and I have also been told, that these children are neglected, and permitted to run wild in the street. You have been away all the morning looking after these precious ones, and helping your daughter; or, you have had them here trying to nurture them for the Lord. Say yes, Sister Bender, and I will take

all blame to myself for having spoken hastily and unwisely."

But poor old Aunty Bender had not a word to answer.

"I am grieved at this strange silence, my sister," the preacher continued, after observing her for some moments. "What about the three tender souls—your grandchildren? Do you have them often with you? Do you read to them from the Bible, and talk to them about God and the angels. Are you doing all in your power to treasure up in their hearts and memories the gentle, pure and loving affections, and the true and righteous thoughts, that will lead them into heavenly ways? If not, my sister—if this plain duty that God has laid at your very door be neglected—if souls be lost through your indifference—how can you hope to hear the King say—'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' If your confidence is sure—if your faith wavers not—then you have found some other Gospel than the one I have read. Depend upon it, your poverty will not be taken into account in the great reckoning, if you have buried your single talent."

A "word of prayer," and the preacher went his way. On his next visit, he found things changed for the better. The old lady's dress was clean and her room in order. She was not alone. A bright-faced little girl, threw music and sunshine around her. The Bible lay open—she had been reading from it to the child about Samuel, and about Daniel in the den of lions.

"Your grand-daughter," said the preacher, laying his hand on the child's head.

"Yes," was answered, with a look of pride and pleasure.

"A sweet and precious child; one of those of whom the Lord said—'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father,'" returned the preacher, reverently. "My good sister, work with the angels. Help them to save this child from evil, allurements. Teach her to be truthful, kind, and just towards other children; teach her to be cleanly, orderly and useful; to love God and keep His commandments. And in doing this, bear ever in mind, that, for children, example is more powerful than precept. And, as far as in you lieth, care also for your other grandchildren. Their young and inexperienced mother is not, I fear, dealing with them for the best. I have called at her house, and do not find it orderly or attractive. She does not comprehend her true responsibility as a mother; nor, I fear, as a wife. You should

go there very often, and try to help her into better ways. Old and poor though you may be, there are harvests all ripe for the sickle, which the Lord of the harvest expects you to reap. He knows your strength, and will not make the work too hard, nor the day too long. Work, I counsel you, my sister, while it is yet day, for the night cometh in which no man can work."

It was noticed, after this, that Aunt Ben-der was a very different woman from what she had been. "A good practical Christian," some said, "instead of a talking professor." And one or two were heard to remark, that if she had been as devoted to her own children as she was to her grandchildren, there would be less to answer for hereafter.

AVAILABILITY.

Availability is a radical word. It strikes at the roots of things. "What is the use?" is a query which, but for its rationality, would be hackneyed indeed. The principle of availability transfixes itself into the very life-channels of personal and private, as well as public interests. "The child is father of the man," and as being broadens and strikes root deeper in advancing years, the principle of availability in its varied workings, keeps commensurate pace. We see its embryo workings even in the nursery.

"I know, mamma, that you will not let me," said the little Prince Napoleon Charles, looking wistfully out of the palace window—the costly presents of elegant toys provided so lavishly by his beautiful grandmamma lying unheeded around him—"I know, mamma, that you will not let me, but if I could run about in that beautiful puddle, it would amuse me more than all good grandmamma's beautiful presents!"

The little prince, if he could not analyze, could yet feel the full force of the "available idea." The elegant toys, leaving no occasion for exercise of the inventive faculties, or of cramped physical energies, were not available; they failed to perform the use intended. Hence, beautiful though they were in themselves, they were discarded; and with eager longing, the child turned to one of the provisions with which Mother Nature—wiser than royal mothers—is wont to delight the little bare-foot urchins of the streets.

And just so through life and in society, the stamp of availability must be impressed in order to give value and currency to things in themselves good, but which, wanting this stamp, must rest unrecognized. A great many individuals are in the position the quondam Southern Confederacy so long occupied. They are suffering from non-recognition! They as-

sume to endorser. And whether unuttered or expressed, great is their chagrin. It seems to us that there is a specific remedy for them in this word availability; even granting the estimate of their own merit or capacity, to be not unjust.

To be more explicit—you, Mr. Geoffrey Grumbleton, take the ground that your talents and capacities do not meet their just reward, or even acknowledgment. The proper medium or balancing degree of Acquisitiveness and Approbativeness you deem defrauded. Now will grant that you set only a just estimate upon yourself. We admit, for instance, that you have fine mechanical genies. Will you allow us to ask what have you wrought or invented that is of use to the world? what are you willing to do with your gift to help life's common needs, or pleasures? You have perhaps accomplished some very pretty things, which have won their passing word of praise, but are they anything that minister to the uses of this common brotherhood of man? And when we speak of "uses" we do not lose sight of the utility of beauty. Or you are, we will grant, a fine reasoner, and have stores of information as well as observation, to assist its exercise. Have you brought your powers of analysis to bear upon the causes of any public evil? Have you ferreted out anything that men need or will delight to know? You have a "brilliant scheme," perhaps, which you cannot bring any one to lend you a helping hand in carrying out. Will it be of practical benefit to any one beside the originator? In the beautiful economy of God, we are all linked together in a common bond of needs and uses. We must minister in some manner to each other's pleasure or necessity, or be stranded on our course.

There is in life a word which in its full acceptance is heart-sickening. In its most trivial

use it is unpleasant. That word is failure. There is another word behind it, at its root, so to speak, and that word is unavailability. We care not in what department of life, or use, from the homely details of the kitchen and the workshop to the sacred realms of Art ruled by magic spell of genius, Availability alone holds the golden keys of success, and holds them with most royal sway. Any blow struck at the interests of availability—at public enterprise which seeks to bring dormant forces and idle treasures into their proper channels of activity, is a blow that must recoil upon the head of him who deals it, and can happily only retard, not ultimately prevent.

Even if such act be done with best of intent it is acting against the current which the Head of all executive power is directing in its onward course. For that availability is at once the want and the aim of the age is undeniably patent. The treasures of the earth and air are more and more being made to serve uses, are being turned to availability. Education, in constantly improved, terse, simple textbooks, and institutions to meet special needs—as witness our chain of commercial colleges—lifts up the standard. And even religion, reverently we say it, emerging further and further from the shadowy dimness and inertness of cell and cloister, turns into fitting and glorious “use,” if we may so speak, the heart’s treasures of faith and love. Such enterprises as the Christian Commission and kindred institutions are noble developments that speak eloquently to the world, through instrumentality of uses.

To return to the narrower limits of the individual—he who is not willing to put himself in harmony with this idea of the age, who is not willing to submit to what his selfishness may deem Procrustean requisitions, must be content, or discontent, as the case may be, to be but a passive member of the circle, be it greater or smaller, that forms his world. He must submit to have his claims for “recognition” disregarded. He must fall behind in the life-race.

M. L.

A sensible, affectionate, refined, practical woman makes a man’s nature all the stronger by making it more tender—puts new heart into all its strivings—and gives dignity to his prosperity, and comfort to his adversity. Every true life wields a still greater power when it feels a living heart drawing it with irresistible force into every position of duty.

IMITATIONS OF CORAL.

From a new book just published by Carleton of New York, entitled “The Art of Amusing,” by Frank Bellew, we take the following:—

“A certain young lady with whom we are acquainted has discovered a new art, which seems to absorb a great portion of her being. It is a method by which almost anything may be transmuted into coral. The consequence of this discovery is, that the English basement house in which the maid dwells, is converted into a perfect mermaid’s grotto. * * * We often aided the fair mermaid in her manufactures, making sprays of coral nearly as large as in currant bushes, coral walking canes, coral ear-rings, pen racks, paper weights, and other useful articles. We converted into coral—walnuts, small mud-turtles, birds’ claws, sea shells, and, indeed, almost everything upon which we could lay hands. Finally, we took *paterfamilias*’ felt hat one night and gave it a couple of coats of scarlet varnish, much to the astonishment of that good gentleman when he wished to put it on next morning.

“The mode of making these coral ornaments is, of course, very simple.

RECIPT.—Take two drachms of fine vermillion, add one ounce of clear resin, and melt them together; paint the object with this mixture while hot, and then hold it over a gentle fire until it is perfectly covered and smooth.

“To make sprays of coral, you should procure some twigs of thorn; peel and dry, before painting with the varnish.”

THE LOVING KINDNESS OF GOD.—The loving kindness of God! What a beautiful expression! How rich and consoling the thought contained in it! It is not a mere good will, nor mere friendship, nor mere neighborly kindness, although all of these are of precious account; it is the good will, the friendship, the kindness of love—the love of God, who is love itself. We know something of the loving kindness of father and mother. We have been gently tended and nursed by this kindness; or parents ourselves, we know full well the throbbings of parental affection. Deep, earnest, self-sacrificing is human love. But the loving kindness of God—of that great incomprehensible Being who fills the universe with His presence, and before whose majesty, the pillars of heaven tremble—what a loving kindness that must be! the kindness of infinite love joined with that of infinite power.

PETROLEUM.

A SEQUEL TO "WHETHER IT PAID."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXV.

The winter which followed was, perhaps, on the whole, the happiest which the Spencers had ever enjoyed under the roof of their splendid home. One might almost have fancied that dying blessing of Tom's lingered with its still peace in the family atmosphere, so softened had that become.

It is true that two places were silent at table and hearthstone, that Andrew carried in their midst a name tarnished with the sin of his youth—and this the world took care in its own way that neither he nor his family should forget.

Through it all, Andrew had, of course, the hardest part to bear in the consciousness that he had brought the disgrace on himself and his household. There was hardly a day through that winter in which he was not sorely tempted to throw up the life here and go abroad again, where the shadow of his crime did not pursue him. The thought of his family alone prevented his doing this; but no doubt the bitter lesson was needed, and perhaps out of it alone could come at last a worthy and stalwart manhood.

Yet the young man must have seemed to the world to escape lightly the penalty of his crime, and plenty of people shook their heads and talked about "the father's money shielding the son's guilt." Much of this talk had, no doubt, its fountain-source in envy—a larger part, perhaps, in imperfect knowledge of the facts.

No one suspected what it cost Andrew to endure the rude or covert stare, the whisperings, the nudges and significant looks that betrayed among strangers and acquaintances a consciousness of his guilt, and that made him twinge with the thought that he was marked among men.

John Spencer tried to make everything as easy for his son as possible. The reconciliation had been complete between the two from the hour in which Andrew had stepped forth from the midst of the family group newly arrived from the mountains, and said—

"Father, I have come home for Tom's sake to be a son to you."

Mr. Spencer had taken Andrew again into

business, making a show even of trusting him before the clerks, with the chest keys and piles of gold and bank notes; but though all this touched Andrew deeply, the necessity for such display was a humiliation that galled him to the quick.

At home there was never any allusion to the past, some added delicacy of speech and manner alone proving that the memory existed; but then the family bearing had softened a good deal towards each other since sorrow and death had visited the household, and whatever bitterness and chafing Andrew's soul brought from the world outside, the doors of his own home shut him in to an atmosphere of entire forgiveness and love. Had it been otherwise, he never could have gone through the dreadful ordeal of living down his bad name and building up a new one—no light thing under the most favorable circumstances.

No question but he was greatly improved, but he was far enough from perfect still. The old nature and habits lay in wait always to spring up and gain the mastery at some unguarded moment; but Rusha, who watched her brother with ceaseless though unobtrusive anxiety, never failed to discern the change that had been wrought in him—never for a moment lost faith in its permanency.

Though, as Agnes said, "the family wore mourning, and did not go into society that winter," there was plenty of life inside. There would have to be all this wherever Rusha Spencer abode, and Guy and Agnes were brimming over with the natural vitality of youth, so the gap in the household did not make gloom and silence there.

Mrs. Spencer roused herself into an active interest for the soldiers that winter. Indeed, Agnes told Rusha that "Ma never seemed so happy now-a-days as when she was making up a box for the hospitals."

It was true; sorrow had widened the nature of Mrs. Spencer as nothing else could have done. It was ready now to take in "other mother's boys," when before there had been small room for either outside of her own family.

Rusha's best happiness all this time was in Doctor Rochford's letters, which came with

wonderful promptness and regularity, considering what a burden of care and work was on the man's hands every day. He wrote hopefully. It was in his nature to feel that, to be confident,

"Though the night were never so long,
It would ring at last for matin song."

And now he seemed to discern with a kind of prophetic instinct the signs of the times.

Doctor Rochford had shared the general surprise and disappointment at the strength and resources of the South; but he saw that both now were well nigh exhausted, and that the vast fabric built on the lust of power and oppression, must fall to its foundations. It seemed as though he heard a little way off the glad bells of victory ringing in the new peace better than the old; and just beyond these, and haunting them as with an immortal sweetness, he heard other bells ringing in a new day of such peace and blessedness that even his steadfast heart grew almost sick with hot impatience.

And over this, and over much more dear and sacred in those letters that came from the secret places of the man's deep, tender heart to the maiden of his love, bent the face of Rusha Spencer through all that winter, the last of our war.

One day, about the middle of the season, Rusha had run down stairs on some errand. It was growing dark in the front hall already, for the days were just beyond their shortest, and there was a heavy fall of snow outside on this one. Rusha's dress had swept round the lowest column of the balustrade, when something—a figure in black—sprang out of the twilight in one corner, and rushed upon her, fairly gripping hold of her arm.

Calmer nerves than Rusha Spencer's would have been severely startled by such an occurrence in that semi-darkness. She cried out sharply, a faint terror going over her from head to foot.

"Sh—sh," said the figure, evidently alarmed, too. "Don't you know me, Rusha?"

The tones were strangely familiar. Had the fright been less, she would have recognized them at once. Though she did not, they quieted her so that she stood still, gasping out—

"No, I'm sure I don't. Who are you?"

"Look and see!" The long veil, that had evidently been used to disguise the face, thrown back with a swift movement.

"Oh, Ella—Ella!"

"I couldn't bear it any longer, Rusha," the

swift words trembling out of unsteady lips. "Nobody else must know I am here—at least not at present."

At that moment Agnes put her head over the railing at the top of the stairs.

"Rusha," she cried, "was that you shrieked out so just now? Has anything happened to you?"

"Don't tell her," gasped Ella, catching Rusha's arm, and recognizing the voice.

"No," answered back the elder to the youngest sister. "Something startled me a moment, but that's over now."

"How dreadfully nervous you are, Rusha. You just gave me and me a real fright;" and Agnes moved away.

Then the sisters looked in each other's faces in that waning light. The tears were in their eyes—the old family love mighty in the hearts of both.

"I have so much to hear and say. I must see you all alone, Rusha," said Mrs. Derrick Howe, still keeping that cautious undertone in strange contrast with her old imperious manner.

"Come into the parlor, then. We shall be safe there on such a night," and she led her into the great rooms, amidst whose splendor Ella in her pride and beauty had reigned queen so many times.

There seemed some stern Nemesis in her coming back in that secret way on that stormy night. Rusha wondered if she thought of it.

They went into a corner and settled themselves on a divan there, their hands in each other's.

"How did you get in here?" was Rusha's first question.

"There was an old night-key in one of my trunks. I never knew how it came there, but it answered my purpose. Oh, Rusha, how good it does seem to be at home again!"

Then she laid her head down in her sister's lap, and sobbed passionately. Of course the sobs shook Rusha's very soul, but she never was so utterly at a loss for any words of comfort as she found herself now. She could only cry too, and mutely caress her sister, thinking all the time, bitterly enough, of Derrick Howe, and wondering whether he had driven her sister out to find shelter in her own home on that stormy night. Rusha's strong prejudices hardly did the young man justice.

Ella's first remark dissipated all suspicion of that sort. Her husband had left the city for a few days, and she could no longer restrain her hunger to hear and see something of her

family. They had been visiting some cousins of Mr. Howe since their return to town, a month before, and Ella had managed to elude everybody's observation and slip out of the house and get into an omnibus. She had had no settled plan about disclosing herself to her family, and had stood frightened and shivering in the hall for ten minutes before Rusha appeared and decided her course.

How unlike the gay, careless Ella of six months ago seemed all this! But after the necessary explanations which her coming involved, Mrs. Howe did not appear to be inclined to dwell on her own estate. Her eager interest seemed to centre on her family. She was full of solicitation about each, her questions fairly running ahead of Rusha's answers, and hurrying from one to the other.

She was quite overwhelmed with surprise and manifest delight when she came to hear of Andrew's return, and the change that had been wrought in him. Then, and not until then, she spoke of Tom's death, which all that time had been uppermost in the thoughts of both.

"Oh, Rusha, I shall never forget the night that Doctor Rochford's letter came! I believe that my husband feared I should go mad for several days that followed."

And Rusha knew well enough that the sharpest pang of that time was not for Tom's sake, but remorse for her own wrong-doing.

At last the servant came in to light the parlors. It was quite dark now, and Ella sprang into a little alcove, where she was secure from observation.

"The gentlemen have all got home, Miss Rusha," said the man as he went out, "and your father has been asking for you."

She felt Ella's start even where she sat. The moment the man disappeared, Mrs. Howe sprang up.

"I can't see any of the others. I must go now, Rusha," in a wild, half coherent way.

Rusha put her arm around the trembling figure, forgetting everything else in pity for Ella.

"You shall not leave this house to-night," she said, in calm, resolute tones. "You will have to see them some time, Ella. The sooner it is over the better for all. Go up stairs with me now."

"I can't, Rusha. My courage has all failed me. If it wasn't for pa!" the usual bright color all gone from her cheeks.

"He will not be harsh to you after what Tom said."

This was all that Rusha dare promise. She knew her father's inveterate prejudices so well; and Ella had roused all these.

With those words, something of the old spirit seemed to come back to her sister. She lifted her head and said she would go up, with a little of the haughtiness that reminded Rusha of the Ella of old.

But this disappeared at last as they reached the sitting-room door. All the family were inside; and it must be confessed that it was a humiliating ordeal to meet their first start and stare of amazement. She drew back.

"Oh, Rusha, I can't—I can't meet them all!" and she fairly wrung her hands.

"Well, you needn't. Step right in here into ma's room, and I'll send somebody to you."

Rusha felt that, under the like circumstances, her courage also must have failed her.

A minute later she went into the sitting-room. The gentlemen were established in various lounging positions around the fire looking at the papers, and waiting for the dinner-bell. The mother and Agnes sat on one side. Altogether it was a bright vision of home comfort and luxury on that stormy night.

Rusha took it in all before she spoke, thinking of Ella waiting out there in the dark.

"You must all prepare yourselves for a great surprise. I hope it will not be a painful one."

She stopped, her heart was beating so fast. All the faces were turned on her in curious amazement. Then she spoke—

"Ella is in the other room. I have been with her for the last hour."

The words were an electric shock to everybody. Each exclaimed or questioned. Rusha answered her father's—"Is she alone?"

"All alone." And she went on to explain briefly as possible how Ella had come. Then she went over to her father and laid her hand on his. "You will go and bring her in, father, for Tom's sake, you know?"

It was so dark now that he could not discern any figure in the chamber, but his voice sounded very kindly.

"Are you there, my child?"

The next moment Ella was sobbing on her father's neck. And while they watched and waited in the sitting-room, the door opened, and John Spencer entered, leading his daughter.

At the desire of her family, Ella remained with them several days. That it was delightful enough for her to be back in her own

home, none of them could doubt. That some uneasiness or anxiety was hidden under every other feeling, they all perceived, though she never acknowledged this. She was not very much changed, after all, they thought, with the exception of somewhat less high spirits, and a less imperious manner than formerly.

Mrs. Howe discerned plainly that her husband was an unwelcome topic in the household, and that he would only be tolerated there for her sake.

It must have been galling enough to a pride like Ella's to feel this, and the wonder was that, with her spirit, she bore it as well as she did. She spoke of Derrick Howe as a wife would of her husband, and tried to make a point of his affection and care; but for all this, the reconciliation was not perfect, as it had been in Andrew's case; and though every one was glad to have the family daughter in their midst once more, still each felt that she could never be one of their own as formerly—that Derrick Howe stood between them.

The Spencer nature was persistent—its likes or dislikes obstinate things always; and Derrick Howe counted without his host when he fancied that his family, his position and his irresistible self would secure for him in a little while a cordial welcome into the bosom of his wife's family. Ella knew its temper better; and the care with which each side avoided any allusion to her marriage, proved the strength of the feeling regarding it.

Only once when she was alone with Rusha, did Mrs. Howe approach the matter; and that was the day after her return, when she had learned through Mrs. Spencer of Rusha's engagement, the matter not having been alluded to the preceding evening, probably out of regard to Ella's feelings.

She came up to Rusha's room a good deal excited by all she had heard; and her mother's and the whole family's pride and delight in the engagement must have afforded a contrast to her own, certain to chafe sorely the haughty spirit of Ella Spencer; and it was hardly in human nature that her congratulations would not take some color from these feelings. Rusha could understand and forgive all that.

"I'm so taken by surprise that it still seems as though I must have dreamed out the whole thing," looking curiously at her sister. "Yet I believe after all that Doctor Rochford is the only man in the world who would suit you."

"I think he is," said Rusha, the very peace of gladness in her face and voice.

Ella saw this with a good many feelings.

If they were not wholly glad ones, she herself would not have analyzed them, so we will not, remembering that a nobler nature than hers might have found it hard to bear just what she was now doing.

"You love him, then, Rusha? I never expected you would admit that of any man."

"I do of this one," a flash of exultation and tenderness on her face.

"Well, then," said Ella, "now you have come to understand what love is, you may, perhaps, regard my own conduct with less severity, and, feeling what you would bear and sacrifice for Doctor Rochford, wonder less at what I did for Derrick Howe."

Ella had gone too far. Despite herself, there had been a little indignant reproach in her voice, as though she still regarded herself as injured by her family.

It is possible Rusha might have borne this, but the comparison betwixt Doctor Rochford and Derrick Howe seemed little less than an insult to the former. It made the old wrath at Ella's conduct leap into hot life. She turned upon her, as Rusha Spencer when roused could turn.

"No, Ella, never!" she said. "My love for Doctor Rochford has never taught me that I could bring shame and grief upon my family, and break the heart of the mother that bore me, and outrage the love and care of all the years of my life. The love of Fletcher Rochford has taught me something better than that, thank God."

It was hard on Ella, I grant. If Rusha had thought twice, she would not have said so much; but the words could not be recalled, and perhaps Ella needed them all.

At any rate, Rusha pitied her the next moment when she saw her sister growing red and white by turns, partly with anger, no doubt, for she made a bitter retort, which, in words and spirit, were quite the old Ella.

"I've no doubt that your love is something superfine, such as ordinary women could never feel or understand. I should fancy only that sort would suit Doctor Rochford!"

She was frightened after the words were out—remembering, too, some facts which she had learned, and some hints which her husband had dropped about the importance to their own interests of a reconciliation being brought about with her family—though, to do Ella justice, her seeking them the day before had been prompted by other and less selfish motives. With all her faults, she had the strong family love of her race. The fright

caused a revulsion in her feelings—she did the one thing which was sure to appease Rusha's wrath—burst into tears.

A moment later there was a soft hand on Mrs. Howe's shoulder, and a tremulous voice was saying,

"Ella, for Tom's sake, let there be peace betwixt us."

So Ella understood at last that a voice from those dead lips made a plea for her that living ones could never have done, and that it would not do to count too far on that, even, with her mother, for Mrs. Spencer's manner showed plainly that though she had warmly received her daughter, she had not forgotten.

And now the question, what was to be done with the unwelcome son and brother-in-law, came up in family conclave to be disposed of; one of those stubborn facts that could neither be ignored nor got around—it must be met face to face.

It went sorely enough against the Spencer grain to think of welcoming Derrick Howe in their midst as one of them, when each felt that he had done the family, personally and collectively, an unattonable wrong; and there was no doubt that Agnes expressed one side of the general feeling when she said,

"Of course we'd receive our sister back when she came to us, but I don't see as that's any reason why we should make up with that mean Derrick Howe, who stole her away. I never can speak to him, anyhow."

"You're some, Agnes," endorsed Guy. "Let the fellow slide, I say."

But though these sentiments met with secret sympathy in the feelings of all to whom they were addressed, the others had sense enough to perceive that it would not do to take counsel of their prejudices.

It cost Rusha an effort to speak, but when she did, she spoke wisely.

"However we may feel, though, it only remains to us to make the best of this matter, and have at least a surface reconciliation betwixt all parties. I dislike Derrick Howe as much as ever, but disagreeable as the fact is, it remains one still that he is Ella's husband, and now we have received her, we must accept the relation. Of course we must acknowledge it sometime, and the sooner it's over the better."

Everybody had listened attentively while Rusha spoke. At last, with a face of most unqualified annoyance, her father said,

"It's a mighty bitter pill to swallow, but I think Rusha has the best of the argument."

Mrs. Spencer's acquiescence was of the same sort.

"I suppose it will have to be so, father; but there is one thing, that Derrick Howe will never seem like a son to me, never!"

And Andrew, sharing the family repugnance towards his brother-in-law, remembered his own past, and kept silence.

In accordance with this reluctant decision, Ella, when she returned to her home took an invitation to dine, with her husband, at her father's, on the following day.

Derrick Howe came with his wife at the time appointed. He certainly never took more pains to make himself agreeable than on that memorable occasion, but I think he felt at the close that his success had been indifferent. There was, of course, no allusion to the past, and there was an effort at cordiality on the part of his wife's relatives, but it got no farther than a formal politeness.

"Hang it!" he muttered to himself, as he handed his wife into her father's carriage on their return home, "what airs they do take on. I've a good mind to cut the whole concern."

If Mrs. Howe overheard this remark, she was wisely oblivious to it. She had learned that the elegant and fascinating being for whose sake she had forsaken and outraged her family was somewhat another person in his marital relations from the one he had been in his courting days.

Derrick Howe had never been, perhaps he never would be, positively unkind to her, but she had discerned already that his own ease and comfort were the paramount considerations of his life.

Imperious as she was, her natural love of peace, which was only one form of selfishness, impelled her now to avoid always a rupture with her husband. And the honey-moon was hardly yet over, and the glamor with which she had invested her lover had not wholly worn off. But when her eyes should be opened, she would be shrewd enough to discern where her power lay, and that was in her father's wealth.

So long as there was a chance there, whatever he might have done under other circumstances, Derrick Howe would never push his wife to any extremities, or give her any cause to return to her family; and on the other hand, Ella would have borne considerable before she would have humiliated herself to accept this alternative; so that although time was likely to develop plenty of friction be-

tween the two, it was not likely to end in open disruption. Notwithstanding his chagrin at the close of his first dinner at the Spencers, Derrick Howe made a point of presenting himself at his father-in-law's office quite frequently during the month that followed.

The truth is, his own resources were exhausted and it would not do to make the honey-moon interminable which he had been invited to pass among his own relatives.

Derrick Howe was at considerable pains to inform his father-in-law that he was desirous of entering into some business, before John Spencer could be made cognizant of the fact, and, of course, this state of things did not permit any assumption on the part of Derrick Howe. The broker was, at first, little disposed to render him any aid, either of money or influence; but then, there was Ella, and it must come to that sooner or later.

Mr. Spencer talked over the matter with his family. His house was about to establish a branch in Paris, and wanted a business agent there. The situation would not involve any large responsibility, and Derrick Howe had a smattering of the continental languages.

So the situation was offered to him, accompanied with a salary which, though it would enable the young pair to live in moderate gentility abroad was not at all in accordance with Derrick Howe's luxurious habits and ideas. But, for want of anything better, he was obliged to accede to his father-in-law's proposition.

Ella's fancy caught eagerly at the prospect of going abroad, and though they were obliged to start suddenly, she made a point of displaying herself in the family carriage, at church and on Broadway, to prove to her thousand friends that the reconciliation betwixt herself and her relatives was complete.

With that impending separation, the old affection was certain, in a great degree to gain the mastery over every other feeling.

They were all as kind to her as possible, and it must have seemed to the eyes of strangers that the family breach was quite healed.

The day before she started, Mrs. Spencer said to her daughter,

"Ella, my child, if you should ever get unhappy over there, or if anything ever happens, come back—the heart and house of your home are open to you."

Ella was deeply touched—the parting was so near now; but she knew what her mother meant, and her secret thought was significant of her relations with her husband—

"That may serve me in good stead, sometime, to tell Derrick!"

Had she discerned already that her chief power over him lay in her father's "money-bags?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

(Concluded.)

The summer had come again, and the great drama of the century had been brought to its close in a way that no man had looked for.

The four years—the "awful years, the glorious years" had passed, the years of a great nation's sweat and agony for life.

The bells had rung at last their "*To triumph*" of peace over the land; and in the pleasant spring days, the North had held its long jubilee, and fairly gone wild with the sacred joy of victory. But suddenly down in the midst of all the vast rejoicing, fell the darkness and crashed the thunderbolt. The morning hymn of the nation's baptismal into a new life, was changed in a moment to the mighty death-wail which shook it from sea to sea; its white, floating robes of victory turned suddenly to sackcloth and ashes; for the brave, simple, heroic heart, had been smitten down and the evil had filled up the measure of its wrath.

But all that had passed now, and the nation, shaken for a moment with its storm of grief, had steadied itself again. It is not my work to write of that time nor how these people lived through it. I hope I have made each one clear enough for you to conjecture how the different natures would be likely to carry themselves through the joy and the grief of that crisis.

But June had come again to the mountains, and with it, the Spencers had come also.

A playful, frolicsome spirit had come to the surface in these days. They seemed to break loose from their city life and customs with the joy of wild animals.

We can never count on our moods, and this was a passing one; and the fun of the young people, and the chasing each other about the verandas, amid shouts and laughter, did not last long.

There was graver, if happier, business on hand, for the wedding had been appointed up here late in the June, Rusha having settled all this according to her own taste, and everybody else finding it suited theirs.

A quiet wedding it was to be in every respect—only the two families present, and a few

friends who were to ride over from Littleton in the morning, to witness the ceremony.

So the last evening of Rusha Spencer's girlhood had fallen. Angeline and Sicily Rochford had arrived the day before, the doctor having been enabled to accompany them as far as Boston, where Guy had gone to meet and bring the ladies on without delay, as business detained their brother in the city.

The meeting between the ladies of both families so soon to be united in the best beloved of their members, was one of the things which can never be written.

The fair face of Angeline Rochford, coming out thin and worn from its long hospital service, was invested with a sacred beauty to the whole Spencer family. That was the last face that had hung over Tom's dying bed, and, gazing on it, his eyes had grown dim in the shadow of death.

That evening the doctor and Andrew had arrived together. Supper had waited for them, but this was served in an informal fashion, for the very atmosphere of the cottage was breezy with the stir and bustle which precedes a wedding. Rusha had stolen out from all this, trusting that in the general absorption nobody would miss her, for her thoughts wanted a little silence in which to steady themselves. The old life she was leaving, and the new life that was coming bearing heavily upon her heart that night. So she came out on the veranda, and stood there with her face turned up to the sky and mountains.

The day had been unusually warm for those latitudes, and even now the air had a soft moistness in it, and the winds which rioted among the thick leaves made a pleasant sound like that of waves on the beach. The low, yet deep, joyous song of the breeze was sweeter than music to one who had ears to hear and interpret its inner meaning, as it wandered and trailed, as it leaped and laughed up and down the great mountains, where no man's foot had ever trod.

Overhead, the stars shone betwixt the clouds, which spread out gray and silver fleeces along the blue; and while Rusha stood still and gazed, a soft, crystal light began to pervade the sky, and touch with its mystery of radiance the crest of pines on the top of the opposite mountain. Just over this rested a black cloud, with a white radiance growing along the outer edges, bringing out in sharper contrast that black gulf at the centre.

And so the light grew and grew, as one might fancy it would in a vision, spreading

down the mountain till it reached the hem of its garment; and the girl stood there by one of the pillars, watching behind and below in the darkness, as those who love God watch and wait in the darkness and griefs of this world for the joy and rest that are to come.

And at last over the mountains came the moon with a slow, royal, serene movement; while the clouds wrapped their silver banners around her, and trailed their pennons along the mountains, and caught in drooping folds among the trees.

Slowly and royally the moon swept on, the clouds closed their white-plumed forces around her path, and she looked down on the awful mountains and on the valley asleep at their feet; and on the girl, more and greater than all these, who stood on the veranda with her face upturned, and a solemn brightness pervading it, almost as though God had spoken to her. And while she stood there, Doctor Rochford came out softly on the veranda, and leaning over, caught, before she saw him, the light on her face.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, his hand on her shoulder.

"You must forgive me for running off, Fletcher, but there was so much on my heart to-night, that I had to come out here for strength and steadfastness."

"I understood all that. But what have you been thinking, feeling, while you have been out here?"

"Many things; perhaps the chiefest, a thank offering to God that He had made the last night of my girlhood such an one as this."

"It is a very 'Laus Deo,'" he answered.

They stood still, looking at the moon and the clouds, and the stars among them, and then he drew her arm in his and walked up and down the piazza, and the hum of voices and the stream of lights inside did not disturb them.

"Do you suspect, my little girl, how very good it seems to see you now that it is more than four months since we parted?"

"I think I know something about it," with a little quiver of a smile around her lips. "How much has happened since those stormy March days when you brought up to us all the war had left of dear Tom, and we laid him away to his pleasant sleep at Greenwood!"

"How much! The nation had added its sublimest chapters to its history during these last four months," he said.

"And the war is over, and you have come

again, and you will never more have to hurry back as you did that last time."

"Nevermore, Rusha, nevermore!"

They walked up and down the veranda awhile silently, and the moon shone on them and the stars. At last the doctor said, looking on her with something in his eyes which she did not quite understand—

"Andrew and I have grown better acquainted in our ride to-day."

"I thought that illness of his made a strong bond betwixt you and him long ago?"

"It did, of one sort; but this one is of a finer and stronger kind. Oh, Rusha, I have been learning to-day just what a dear, noble little girl is to be mine own to-morrow."

"What has Andrew been telling you?" with her quick, child-like glance up in his face, bent on her with some tenderness and reverence, which even she had never seen there before.

"He has been telling me that you saved him once, and how. Oh, my darling, even I should not have dreamed that heroism of you."

She knew then what he meant, and that Andrew had been confiding to his elect brother-in-law the story of Jane Maxwell, and all about that miserable time. The blushes fairly scorched her face. She buried them in her hands.

"Oh, how could he do it—how could he do it!" she murmured.

The doctor drew her away.

"Rusha, should it shame or distress you to find that I know the proudest, noblest deed of your life, and knowing it, love you even better than before!"

"Anybody would have done the same for that poor girl—at least anybody ought to. Do not praise me, Fletcher."

"I could not if I tried, dear child."

He said no more, then, walking in silence to give her fluttered spirits time to calm themselves.

At last she spoke. "Fletcher," a little doubt or reluctance in her voice.

"Go on."

"You can never understand what a comfort it has been to me to know that your sisters accepted what is to be so heartily, and have given me such a welcome into their hearts and home!"

"Did you doubt that for one moment?"

"I doubted whether they would be willing to lose such a brother as you."

"But something lies behind that graceful bit of compliment. I want that."

She drew her breath in.

"I have felt all the time that in culture and development there was a wide difference betwixt our families. Under the circumstances it was hardly to be spoken of, but I could not be otherwise than conscious of the fact. With any true and noble man—with yourself above all men, I know it could make no difference, but I feared that it might have some weight with them."

"If you had known my sisters better, you would not have done them this injustice—innocently on your part, but still, Rusha, not less a real one to both of them."

"If I had cared less for them, Fletcher, I might have been more indifferent to their opinion; but it seemed to me, had I been in their place, I should have felt just what I thought it was likely they did. I know that its wealth does not place my family on a level with yours, and that in culture and in all moral qualities, which are the essential things, yours has greatly the advantage. The atmosphere, the standards of one has been wholly the opposite of the other; and women like your sisters must long ago have discerned all this."

His nature was too sincere to deny the facts which she had put so truly, but his answer took away any sting they might have.

"If it be as you say, Rusha, my sisters have had wisdom to discern that the wife I am to take is the one woman in all the world for me. When Angeline and Sicily first learned of our betrothal, their answers, though far apart, were alike. 'She is the only woman in the world, Fletcher, of whom I could be glad to know this.'"

Her face flashed out in sudden light—

"Oh, did they say that?"

"Those very words."

Afterwards, he went on to talk of their future, and of his plans.

The home, in New York, where the Rochfords had lived so long, and to which the doctor would take his bride, was to be arranged for their reception under the joint auspices of Angeline and Sicily, whose taste in matters of this kind was universally allowed to be exquisite.

Angeline Rochford had promised a brother surgeon, and old classmate of the doctor's, that she would not delay longer than the late fall, the wedding-day which she had promised him at the hospital where they had worked, and sorrowed, and loved together.

The bridal pair were to sail for Europe immediately after the wedding, making the Con-

tinental tour; on which it had been arranged Sicily should accompany them. All this was entirely new to Rusha. You can imagine with what greedy interest she drank in every word.

"Then we shall be left in the dear old home together, unless"—the doctor paused here.

"Unless what, Fletcher?" the eager, half-peremptory way that always amused him, and that he had purposely waited for now.

"Unless I conclude that our wedding will not be complete without a bridal tour abroad, also. You and I will not enjoy it less because the honey-moon is over?"

Her face was worth going far to see.

"Oh, Fletcher, do you really think of that!"

"I do, my dear child. I want to give some further attention to my profession at Paris, and when we are once across there will be Rome to talk of, and Germany and the Rhine, but for the present we must be content with Canada and the Adirondacks."

And Rusha listened, clinging to her lover, and in the still summer night, her thoughts went afar off, and walked in wonderful visions of that world across the sea. The doctor's voice recalled her at last—

"Rusha, there is something I want to ask you?"

"Then by all means do it."

"This Jane Maxwell—was she a girl with a light, swift figure, a delicate, pretty face, and brownish hair?"

"She was just that, Fletcher," her cheeks aflame again.

"Then I have seen her!"

She stood still.

"Where—when—how?"

"In the hospitals. She was down there last winter, and worked for the poor fellows with her whole soul. Many a one will remember her with blessings to his dying hour. I had a suspicion—one is not certain how he comes by these things, but I suppose my long experiences among sicknesses of body and soul has something to do with the matter—I had a suspicion that this girl's history had some secret in it of sorrow and struggle."

"Oh, Fletcher, this is the best of all. Thank God!—thank God!—on this night of all others, too!" she could get no farther.

He drew her a little closer.

"Yes, dear girl, it is a wonderful reward. Under God, you saved her. It seems a very dew of blessing breathed from heaven upon our bridal!"

At that moment her father came to the front door.

"Come, children, you've been out here long enough," he said "Doctor, as you're to have her for all the evenings to come, you must spare her to us this one."

They must have heard him inside, for among the stream of light and the buzz of merry talk, one or two playful voices lifted themselves—

"Don't you lovers stay out there sentimentalizing in the moonlight any longer. We just want you inside."

"We're coming," answered the doctor.

Just as they reached the door, they turned a moment and gazed on the night. The moon looked down upon them from thin clouds that floated like silver hair about her face, and the stars made the sky holy with their beauty; underneath, like a bride adorned for the altar, the wide June night lay in garments of white moonbeams.

"*Laus Deo*," said the doctor again, and they went in together.

"ONLY A LITTLE BROOK."—A simple but very touching incident has been related to us, says the *Maine Press*, in connection with the last moments of a beautiful girl in Bath who lately died at the age of nine. A little while before she died, as the sorrowing friends stood around her, watching the last movements of the gentle breath, the last faint flutterings of the little pulse, they became aware, from broken words that she shrank with natural dread from the unknown way that was opening for her.

She had come to the borders of the mysterious river which separates us from the dim hereafter, and her tiny feet seemed to hesitate and fear to stem the flood. But after a time her fears subsided, she grew calm, and ceased to talk about the long dark way, till at the very last she brightened suddenly; a smile of confidence and courage lighted up her sweet face, "Oh, it is only a little brook!" she cried, and so passed over to the heavenly shore.

ALWAYS IN SESSION.—There was a very inascible old gentleman who formerly held the position of Justice of the Peace in one of our cities. Going down the main street one day, one of the boys spoke to him without coming up to his honor's idea of deference. "Young man, I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, Judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," responded the Judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently an object of contempt." There was disorder in court as his honor passed on.

CARNIFAX FERRY.

BY WM. HENRY WOOD.

The road from Glenville, on the Little Kenawha, to Sutton, in Braxton, is mountainous and difficult. You leave the Kenawha, and soon come into the mountain gorges of the Elk, which runs southward, through Clay, Braxton and Webster counties. Sutton is a small town on the Elk, and is the county seat of Braxton.

Thus far the country is wild, abounding in small streamlets, lofty hills, heavy wooded valleys and picturesque scenery.

You move slowly along, on horseback—now up steep precipices, and again down long water-courses, guarded on either hand by rock-browed sentinels, that have frowned down upon the solitary traveller as they do now, for ages.

Leaving Sutton, the road traverses the most rugged parts of Braxton, winding over mountains, steep and wooded, by the heads of ravines. Now and then a farm-house gleams out in the sunshine from the tall forest trees that line all the little streams. And here is a pleasant field, charmingly green with the rapidly-growing crop. The lanes are clean and smooth, shaded by long rows of hickory and sycamore. The respectable-looking old mansion, with its dingy rock chimneys standing erect and firmly against each end of the house, and the plain, long, old porch in front, and the great cherry-trees, are now full in view. You involuntarily pause to admire the comfortable old homestead. The scene is delightful. You have not seen anything like it for twenty miles. Scarcely a human habitation or a human voice has beguiled a moment on the long way. The wilderness has been almost frightful, though always grand, in its primeval gloom and silence. The noble horse, moving on easily as the rock of the cradle, often pricks up his ears, as much as to say, and as unmistakably as in words—"This is a dreary, if not a perilous journey;" but the instinct is but for a moment, and champing his bit, he takes his rider along with a proud, brave step.

Thus has it been for the last half day's ride, till this tasty, well-appointed plantation suddenly meets the eye. I felt that the man in the garden was my friend, and would be glad to see me in his isolated abode, whoever he might be, with his broad-brimmed hat and

whitish locks; and I certainly felt that I was his.

"Holt over there, will you be good enough to tell me if this is the road to Carnifax Ferry? I have been riding since morning, and this is the first comfortable habitation I have met with since leaving the Kenawha. I want to know if I am in the right way to Carnifax Ferry."

"Oh, yes, friend, this is the way to Carnifax Ferry. It is on Gauly River, and is but a little distance from this plantation. You will pass through Summerville, in Nicholas, and Carnifax Ferry is then in sight just beyond, at the foot of the mountain."

"Thank you, my good friend; now will you tell me how long you have dwelt in these mountains? It appears to be a very wild spot—but you have a fine old farm here; and I would like to know how long you have been here."

"Certainly; but wont you 'alight' and come in?"

"Thank you, but I must hasten to Summerville. I must be at Carnifax Ferry to-night in time to see the battle-field."

"Ah, yes. Well, I was born here sixty years ago. My father sleeps over there," pointing to the corner of the garden to a little weather-soiled picket paling. "He settled here seventy odd years ago; for some years lived by hunting. He killed many Indians, out in Pochahontas county, under old Captain Floyd. But he cleared this farm, and made it mostly what it is. He died only a few years ago, and I am left to take care of it. It is a pleasant place to me; the soil is rich; the fruit trees do well; we are removed from the intrusion of the world. It is a pleasant ride to Summerville."

I bid the old man good-by, as cordially as the words were ever uttered in this world; and, as I pursued my journey, could not help thinking that there was much true philosophy in his views of life.

The ride to Summerville is soon over. A few old plantations lie in the way, with dense forests between them. The road improves as you advance, and the court-house is seen on the hill above the little town. From Summerville to the Gauly the scenery is grand. To within a short distance of Carnifax, the road is ad-

mirable. The mountain ranges along the river look Alpine, and one almost says audibly, "How grand!" He fancies he sees the cha-mois bounding along the summits, and listens to catch the sound of the Alpine horn.

BATTLE OF CARNIFAX FERRY.

It will be remembered there was a sanguinary engagement at Carnifax Ferry in the early part of the Rebellion. General Floyd had entrenched himself strongly on the mountain near Gauly River. Rosecrans, with nine thousand men, moved down from Charleston, a day's march, to drive Floyd from the mountain. Late in the day the Federals began the ascent of the mountain, led by Rosecrans in person. They moved up by the only way open to an army, and there Floyd had planted his cannon behind formidable breastworks.

Floyd having but fifteen hundred men, it was supposed by the Union forces the Rebel works could be easily scaled, and the boys in gray captured or dispersed. A moment, however, sufficed to show the fatal mistake. No sooner had the Federals, moving up in columns by companies, got within gun-shot at short range, than the Rebel artillery opened with deadly effect upon the tired columns slowly advancing, and whole companies were mowed down as grass before the scythe. Brave boys! Others advanced and took the places of the killed, but were in turn soon destroyed. They relied on their number; but what could numbers do where the fighting was all on one side? The vain shots from the muskets in the weary hands of the Federals fell harmless in front of the Rebel ramparts; while, on the other hand, chain-shot and shell rained in torrents upon the unprotected forms of the defenders of the Union.

At the foot of the mountain there was a large two-story frame building, into which the wounded were carried during the fight. All the rooms of the great building, above and below, were filled with the wounded of our army. When the order for retreat was given, and Floyd saw the Federals going down the mountain, he unlimbered his guns and shelled that building, shivering it literally to atoms, leaving but the lower floor unharmed, where a horrible spectacle was witnessed the following morning. Those from above had fallen down upon those below, as the upper floors gave way, and the dead and dying lay upon the lower floor, three and four deep. The blood accumulated, and, dammed in by the sides of the room, stood a stagnant pool, shoe

deep, at the same time, oozing through the apertures at the corners, fell in small streams to the ground, there forming other pools on the moist earth. As described by a gentleman near by, it was one of the saddest sights of the war—a melancholy but vivid glimpse of one of the thousand unwritten incidents of the Rebellion.

The Federals retired from the mountain, and camped at Meadow Bluff, three miles distant, intending to renew the attack in the morning. In the morning the wary Floyd was many weary miles from the scene of action, having crossed Carnifax Ferry late in the night, leaving his guns on the mountains. It is said, on good authority, that Floyd filled his guns with trace and log chains, and that to this was attributed the unusual loss in the Federal ranks in that dauntless but bloody charge. However this may be, it is certain Rosecrans lost a thousand men killed and disabled, and Floyd but two.

The foundations of the old building, where so many of our brave boys were slaughtered unresisting, and vainly essaying to escape the fiery chains that hurtled through the air, remain. The identical spots where the pools of blood were seen in the morning on the ground, is pointed out. A monumental stone marks the place of each. And there, on the mountain, are the grass-grown ramparts, behind which stood the Rebel cannoniers.

THE LONG SEPULCHRE.

And here, at the foot of the mountain, near Carnifax Ferry, overgrown with green brier and blue grass, lie interred the bodies of the Union boys, who, on the morning of that sorrowful day, left Charleston full of life and courage. They started brightly with the sun, and their young lives set in blood at its setting. The grave of a battle-field is unmistakable. The long, sad indentations but too plainly tell where the dead repose.

I stepped softly along the shore, and glanced with a sorrowful heart at the sunken earth, now pressing too heavily upon their remains. Brave as you may think yourself on such a spot, sacred to every heart, you cannot help but experiencing emotions too deep and too solemn for description. You look back and reflect. Once the scene of deadly conflict—the air dense with the smoke of battle, and rent with the cries and the groans of the dying—now all is still as death. All is tranquil. The dead are silent—and the green briars grow in silence above them. The faint ripples of the

waters of the Gauly are just heard below. On the other side, the voice of a black man is driving his team aside. I look once more down at my feet, and observe the indigenous weeds growing with unaccustomed rankness, in undue strength and solidity, over this mouldering mass of what *once* was life, bouyancy and activity, youthful beauty and manly pride. The inquiry involuntarily comes up as the eyes rest upon the long sepulchre—"Who lies here? How far from your birth-place to this your grave? From what fair village, far up in the prosperous North, did you come to rest here in this mountainous gorge? What name and 'last words' shall I send Northward to friends and kindred, who, peradventure, know less of your fate than I, the stranger, who now stand by the turf that lies green and beautiful above you?" Vain inquiries. No answer from the multitude who lie side by side in this long grave. The Gauly murmurs on as before; the leaves rustle in the soft, warm wind. The sky is beautiful above, and the great mountains stand in mute silence around. There is a strange fascination here that holds one motionless and in deep meditation, till he almost

"Sees the Ghost of Ossian skim the misty vale."

LITTLE BLOSSOM.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Little Blossom lay a dying
At the setting of the sun,
While the shadows of the twilight
Hid the hilltops one by one.

In the west the golden glory
Of the swiftly-dying day,
Glittered like a royal pennon
At the ending of the fray.

In the east the shadows gathered,
And we thought of death and life,
When we saw the western brightness,
And the east with shadows rife.

Like imprisoned rays of sunshine
Was our little Blossom's hair,
And we thought, when she was dying,
That it ne'er had seemed so fair.

We had wound it o'er our fingers,
And had called it threads of gold;
We should miss its gleaming brightness
When she left the earthly fold.

We had called her eyes our v'lets,
And her cheek a sweet blush rose,
And her hands two little lillies,
White and pure as winter snows.

Just two years her feet had wandered
Down the path of earthly life,
And her heart had ne'er been tainted
By earth's sinfulness and strife.

But her life was almost over,
And her journey almost done;
She would cross the silent portals
With the setting of the sun.

While the evening star was glowing,
In a sea of rosy light,
Backward swung the mists of darkness
From a strange and awful sight.

And we saw above the mountains,
Where the sun had sank away,
Light that seemed a golden dawning
Breaking into perfect day.

And we saw the glory only
Shining from a blessed land,
For our mortal vision failed us
For a scene so strange and grand.

But our Blossom's eyes saw farther
Than the gold and jasper gates,
For she saw the shining city
Where a perfect peace awaits.

And she whispered, while the twilight
Drifted through the silent air,
"Don't you hear the angels calling?
They are waiting for me there."

Then her little hands were folded
On her slowly-beating breast,
As our children pray at nightfall,
Ere they drop away to rest.

And her baby face grew saint-like,
With a strange unearthly calm,
While the whispers of the breezes
Seemed the closing of a psalm,

That we heard the angels chanting
When our little Blossom died,
And her bark of life was anchored
Safely on the other side.

Swiftly from the skies of evening
Faded out the gleams of day,
And the nightfall wrapped the meadows
In her shadows dim and gray.

But we thought while in the twilight,
With our baby mute and still,
In a deep, unbroken slumber,
That it was our Father's will.

And we knew that He was nigh us,
Though we only felt His rod,
And we saw no light appearing
'Round the path that must be trod.

But we thought—and oh, how blessed
Was that deep and holy thought!—
That her mission was accomplished,
And her good and evil wrought.

HASTY WORDS.

BY MARGARET LEIBER.

"Charlie, come quick and help me carry up some of these things," was the rather impatient demand of a slender young woman who was struggling along with a number of bundles piled in her arms, and tripping over her dress every step she took on the stairs.

But "Charlie" thus appealed to, either did not like the tone in which his little wife had requested him to help her, or else was so interested in his book that he did not heed what she was saying to him; for he went on reading and rocking himself as calmly as if she was not desperately out of patience with her dress, her bundles, and with him for not jumping up immediately to help her.

When she entered the room, a few minutes afterwards, having managed to get up stairs with no other damage to herself than a number of gathers torn out of her dress, there was an angry frown on her brow, and she looked by no means amiable.

Now, Charlie Thompson, in common with most other Thompsons, Smiths, Joneses, &c., disliked above all other things to be reproached in a scolding manner; and to his wife's question—"Did you not hear me call you?" he only answered by a cool—"Of course I did, Lizzie."

"Then why did you not come and help me up stairs with those hateful old bundles?"

"I am not aware of any obligation on my part, to run and wait on you, whenever you may fancy to demand my services," Charlie again coolly replied.

"Nobody said you were obliged to do so; but if you had the least regard for my comfort, you would be glad to help me, without my having to ask you."

"Ah! well, when it comes to talking about comfort, it strikes me you cared precious little for mine, or you would not have asked me to leave my book merely to help you carry a few trifling bundles."

Lizzie looked still more aggrieved at this speech; and said with considerable spirit—

"How very quickly some people change! Two years ago you would willingly have left the most interesting book in the world to help me, and thought not a minute about your comfort."

"Two years" referred to, being the length

of time the little woman had borne the name of Thompson.

"And please bear in mind," Charlie answered, "that two years ago you would not have spoken to me as you have done to-night."

"Perhaps I had not quite as much cause to do so then as I have now; and it does seem to me you have little consideration, when you know I hate to carry things up stairs, and how I am always tripping over my dress when I have my hands full; just look at that," and at this point Lizzie gave a decided jerk to the torn gathers and ripped out a few more.

"Cut it off; then you will be sure not to tread on it; I would not be so foolish as to wear anything that caused me as much discomfort as your dresses do you."

"It is very easy for you to turn the subject in that manner, just as if you would go out in the street with me, if I wore short dresses. Oh! well! put the blame on my dress and get out of it yourself."

"You seem to be more than ordinarily persistent in reproaching me to-night, Lizzie; but I am beginning to think I have heard enough for this time, at least," so saying, Charlie arose, put on his hat, and walked down stairs. As he was going out of the door, Lizzie called to him—

"I suppose you think yourself very much injured; of course I am wrong, and you, as usual, are entirely right."

Charlie returned no answer, but kept on his way. Presently Lizzie heard the street door shut.

"There," she said, "he has gone out; that is the way he treats me; I just say a few words to him, and then he gets mad and goes off. I am sure he cares nothing about me; oh, if we had never got married! Little did I think that this would be the end of it all."

Very sad she looked, sitting there by the fire, the impatient expression nearly gone, and in its stead a sorrowful unhappy one, that seemed out of place on her fair, almost child-like face.

She looked around their cheerful little sitting-room, and somehow wherever her eyes rested, there was something to remind her of Charlie and, the happy hours they had spent together.

"It is all past now," she thought; and her eyes became so dim that she could scarcely see her work-table in the corner, with its bouquet of early spring flowers. Why it was only at dinner-time that Charlie had brought that bouquet home, and said, as he gave it to her, "Here are some violets as blue as your eyes, little wife." How long ago that seemed! could it have been only a few hours since he said it?

She picked up the dainty vase and inhaled the fragrance of the blossoms. True, it was only a few hours; they were as bright and fresh-looking as if just broken from the stem. She walked to the glass and looked at her face; it did not seem as pleasing to her as usual; she could clearly trace a seam across her brow as if she had been frowning; and the violet eyes, that Charlie used to tell her were the first things that made him love her, had a light in them to-night that changed their hue.

"I look as if I might have been cross," she thought, and began to feel that perhaps, after all, she had been unjust, and Charlie was not as much to blame as she.

Presently she went back to her seat by the fire, and sat there, with her head leaning on her hand, apparently thinking very intently.

"Two years ago you would not have spoken to me as you have done to-night," Charlie's words rang in her ears yet.

"He was right," she thought, "two years ago I would have suffered anything rather than say an unkind word to Charlie."

How good he seemed to her then, and how often had she resolved that discord should never enter their home. But what had come of all these good resolutions? Little by little she had yielded to her hasty temper, and to-night he had left his home to escape her reproaches.

Bitter tears flowed down her cheeks as these thoughts passed through her mind, and the corner of her little white apron was in danger of getting entirely bitten off, as in her forgetfulness she kept pulling at it.

"But I do love him, in spite of all I have said, and to think, I speak more unkindly to him than to anybody else!" The idea of this made Lizzie feel too wretched to cry, and she leaned back in her chair, looking the picture of unhappiness.

In the meantime, Charlie had gone but a few steps from his own door, and had then turned and re-entered his home so quietly that his wife did not dream he was sitting down stairs,

at the time all those remorseful thoughts were passing through her mind.

Feeling that Lizzie was not alone in fault, he was trying to gain courage to go up and have a talk about the evening's disagreement; and he kept wondering all this time how she would receive him.

He had not by any means taken the matter so much to heart as his wife had done; he merely felt uneasy for the time being, and had not been conjecturing all manner of evils that were to follow in the train of this quarrel satisfied, if once things were made right, his mind occupied itself only with the present.

He finally decided that the sooner he had a talk with his wife the better for both, and accordingly he proceeded to her room and softly opened the door.

There she was, still sitting back in her chair, looking very serious; Charlie felt more remorseful when he caught a glimpse of her pale face.

"Lizzie," he said, "I have come to talk with you."

She gave a slight start when she saw him; but her face brightened up so wonderfully that he could have no more doubts as to the kind of a reception she would give him. Without waiting for him to tell her what he wished to say, she exclaimed,

"Charlie, I am so glad you have come back! I wanted to tell you how sorry I am for those things I said a while ago."

Charlie could not but be touched by this full admission on his wife's part, and he attempted to tell her something about his being sorry too; but she kept on blaming herself more than ever, running into the extreme, so usual with generous minds, of being unjust to herself in her zeal to atone for the wrong she had done.

At last Charlie would be heard, and he said—

"Lizzie, you shall not bear all the blame; I was very careless and thoughtless. Say what you will, I am as culpable as you; if you were hasty, I was regardless of your comfort. That was enough to make you get out of patience with me; so let us both agree to be happy again, and resolve that in the future—why, what is the matter?" he exclaimed, as he saw a shade come over Lizzie's face.

"That is what I was thinking of to-night—the future; and I was afraid to make any more resolutions, for all those I have made are broken."

"Come now, little wife, you must not be un-

happy about it; we love one another, and how can we go far astray as long as we do that?"

"But, Charlie, that did not prevent me from speaking as I did to you this night; only think how unjust I have been!"

He, only too happy to feel that all was again bright between them, said—

"We both forgot for a little while, but it did

not last long, and all that we have to do now is to remember."

Lizzie looked up into the bright, hopeful face bending over her, so full of confidence, and she felt the cloud lift itself from her heart as she said—

"We will then both try to remember."

LAY SERMONS.

ADrift.

Mrs. Farley had exercised a great deal of forbearance towards the girl; that must be admitted. But there was a limit to Mrs. Farley's patience, and this point had been reached.

"I won't put up with this any longer," she said, in the tone of a woman who was entirely in earnest. "There's no reason why the peace and order of my family should be disturbed for one not of my kith or kin. No obligation to keep her rests upon me—none in the world; and I'll just turn her adrift to take care of herself. She'll soon find the difference between a home and the kind of places to be picked up among strangers. The lesson will do her good."

Mrs. Farley's husband was her only auditor. The person against whom the lady complained so bitterly was a girl named Helen Bond. Two years before, a family had moved into the house adjoining Mr. Farley's. This family consisted of a father, a mother, and one daughter, the latter a girl in her seventeenth year. The name of this family was Bond. They had been living there for several months when noticed particularly by Mrs. Farley. What first attracted her attention was the gay dress and jaunty, assured air of the daughter, who went out almost every day, walking the street coquettishly, and in a manner calculated to win observation.

Next, the mother was observed, though opportunities for seeing her were rare—a pale-faced, exhausted, unhappy-looking woman, apparently without strength to bear the burdens which life had placed upon her shoulders. The husband and father next drew attention. His face was sensual, and marred by signs of excess and passion.

"He drinks," was the remark of Mr. Farley to his wife, on observing Bond pass the window one day. "I saw him in an omnibus yesterday so drunk that he could hardly sit up straight."

You have the case in a nutshell. A self-indulgent, dissipated, unprincipled father; a heart-broken, weak, compliant mother; and a vain, self-willed, half-educated, undisciplined daughter.

A year after the Bonds moved next door, the husband and father went off, it was said, to California, leaving his family in utter destitution. To sustain herself, Mrs. Bond sold one article of furniture after another, until scarcely enough for use and comfort remained. Still, the daughter made her appearance on the street almost every day, with dress and manners designed to attract attention. On nearly every fine afternoon you might have seen her, with step elastic and eye alert, moving along the fashionable promenade, the observed of too many observers.

All this was noticed by Mrs. Farley, and remarked upon.

"What can the mother of that girl be thinking about?" she would sometimes say. "Doesn't she know that dangers lie in the path her daughter is treading?"

And yet there was something in the face of Helen Bond that always interested Mrs. Farley, and something in her air and manner, jaunty though it was at times, that seemed easy and graceful, indicating native refinement.

"I pity her from my heart," she would sometimes say, "for no true happiness lies, I fear, at the end of the path her feet have taken."

One day Mrs. Farley was startled by an unusually loud ringing of the street door bell.

"Is Mrs. Farley at home?" she heard asked, a few moments afterwards, in a frightened tone of voice.

Hurrying down stairs, she saw Helen Bond, with a face ashen pale.

"Oh, ma'am, wont you come in and see mother? I'm afraid she's dying!" cried the agitated girl.

Mrs. Farley did not hesitate for an instant. But she reached the bedside of her neighbor only in time to watch the last painful signs of dissolution. She passed away with her mournful eyes fixed lovingly but sadly on the face of her weeping child.

It often happens that circumstances out of our control bring duties to our hands which may not be avoided. So it was with Mrs. Farley in the present case. From Helen she learned that her

mother had no relations, and that her father's friends, with whom the family did not hold intercourse, lived in Canada. The manner in which Helen appeared to lean upon and cling to her in this utter bereavement, touched the heart of Mrs. Farley, and she felt that she could do no less than offer her a temporary home, after the funeral was over, which was accordingly done.

Mrs. Farley soon discovered in the young, undisciplined girl, many naturally good qualities, which might be turned to useful account in the family. This seemed to form the basis of a permanent home for Helen, who, in her bereavement and utter destitution, was glad to accept of any place of refuge.

Now came the trial for both. Any thoughtful reader will comprehend, on a moment's reflection, how utterly impossible it would be for a girl raised as Helen Bond had been—with false ideas of life, and pride, vanity, and love of ease and freedom fixed almost into habits, to fall easily and naturally into the ways and uses of a well-established household, where those who stood at the head ordered all things below them, and required a dutiful observance.

Of course, in taking Helen into her family, it was no part of Mrs. Farley's plan to leave her in the state of idleness and freedom that she had enjoyed while her mother was living. She must be usefully employed, and hold her position by the right of service. All this was taken for granted by Mrs. Farley, and assumed by her to be so self-evident a thing as not to require any special elucidation for Helen. And here was her error. She was a woman of few words in the way of precepts, but very prompt and resolute in action. She saw very clearly herself, and gave others credit for being equally clear-sighted, an error that often made her impatient and unjust. She ought to have talked very soberly and very calmly with Helen at the beginning, and led her thoughts in advance, so that judgment and a right estimate of the new life upon which she was entering, might be a light to her feet, and a monitor within her own soul.

But Mrs. Farley only assigned duties that were soon felt to be irksome, because right thoughts did not sustain Helen in them.

"That girl is a great trial," she soon began to say to her husband. "I'm afraid I shall not be able to make anything out of her. She is capable enough, but so self-willed and undisciplined. I've been sorry many times that I ever took her into the family."

Mr. Farley would merely shrug his shoulders, or answer, indifferently—

"She's pretty, and she knows it—that's the trouble. She's lived on the street so much, that she can't content herself in the house."

"Well, she's not going to live on the street while she's under my care!" or something of the kind, would be responded by Mrs. Farley, who had no

real sympathy with Helen; because she had never thought of changing places with her in imagination, and going down into a realization of her wants, weaknesses, and mental habits. As well might the bird whose wings, since newly fledged, had borne it free in grove and meadow, find contentment in a narrow cage, as Helen Bond under her altered circumstances. She wanted, in this new relation, a wise, loving, patient mother, to teach, to lead and guide her in the better way, not an unsympathizing mistress, who simply required service, and grew hard towards her when it was not rendered dutifully.

There had been seven or eight months of inharmonious life under this new aspect of things, when Mrs. Farley made the declaration with which our story opens. Helen, who occupied a position in the family just above the grade of an ordinary domestic, had assumed of late a certain independence that was in no way agreeable to Mrs. Farley. She took the liberty of dressing herself and going out much more frequently than was approved by that lady, and under remonstrance answered sometimes with a pertness that aroused indignation against her. Of late, there had been an occasional evening call from a young man whose acquaintance she had made somewhere, and this proved another source of displeasure.

"Where are you going?" demanded Mrs. Farley, meeting Helen on the stairs, one afternoon, dressed to go out, and with more than usual attention to her appearance.

"To take a walk," was answered; "I haven't been out of the house this week."

Now, the last sentence was true.

"You should have asked if going out were agreeable to me," said Mrs. Farley, without any softening of the stern aspect she had assumed.

"I am not quite reduced to slavery," was the unguarded retort.

"Oh, well, go your ways, and to destruction, if you will!" And Mrs. Farley turned from the weak girl, angrily.

Helen went out, as she had designed; and Mr. Farley met her in Chestnut street, in company with a young man fashionably dressed, in whose face, taking it in a passing glance, he read no true moral record. It was on the occasion of mentioning, in a tone of dissatisfaction, this circumstance to his wife, that she had spoken as we have seen; and she was entirely in earnest. Helen had tried her beyond the point of endurance, and her mind was made up to part with her.

A brief but sharp passage at arms occurred between Mrs. Farley and Helen, when the latter returned home, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Farley said—

"And now, my young lady, I wish you to look out for another home. You cannot remain here; that is settled."

Mrs. Farley saw a sudden paleness on the face of Helen; but pride quickly flushed it again. The

startled girl tried to assume a haughty air, and did so in a measure, answering:—

"Very well, madam. It shall be as you say," and not waiting for another word, went quickly to her room, where she sobbed and cried bitterly for a long time.

"What is to become of her?" asked Mr. Farley, when he heard that this young girl, at the most critical period of her life, was to be cast adrift into the world, with no one to care for or guard her amid its thousand dangers.

"That is no concern of mine," answered Mrs. Farley. "I've done my part by her, and shall be conscience clear. She might have kept a good home in my house, if she had chose to conduct herself in a right manner. Let her try the difference. The lesson will be salutary."

Mr. Farley sighed. His thought was on the perils that would beset her way. But he did not offer to mediate between his wife and Helen. The girl was nothing to him; and of late the annoyances experienced by his wife on her account had affected him unpleasantly. Then, while she was in his family, a certain responsibility rested with them, and he felt that he would be easier in mind if it were removed. So, the argument that was in his thoughts, and which might have been used effectually, was not offered in Helen's favor.

The parting which took place a few days afterwards did not leave a very decided feeling of self-approval with Mrs. Farley. Helen had gone out frequently in order to find another home. In this she was left entirely to her own will, Mrs. Farley having ceased to manifest any right to control her movements. When she gave notice that she was ready to leave, the question came naturally as to where she was going.

"You've found another place," said Mrs. Farley. "No, ma'am—not yet," was answered. The voice of Helen betrayed a doubting, half fearful heart.

"You haven't!" Cold surprise was in Mrs. Farley's tones, but no sympathy, no interest, no relenting quality. "Where are you going?"

"To stay with a friend until I can find another place. Maybe I'll learn a trade."

She stood for a few moments with a failing heart and half suffused eyes, looking into Mrs. Farley's face. A single kind word would have held her back, and kept her in that place of safety, a wiser girl, and a stronger one to resist the enemies that dwelt in her own bosom. She shrank, shivering and in fear, on the threshold over which she was about passing, lingering even for a word of invitation to stay; but no word came, and she went drifting out upon the sea of life, having neither chart nor compass, and certain almost of shipwreck.

"So much off my mind," came audibly from the lips of Mrs. Farley, and she drew a long breath of relief. But concern did not pass wholly from her mind. That was impossible. Mrs. Farley was

not entirely lost to human sympathy; nor was conscience an idle slumberer in her bosom. She understood the meaning of the last troubled look that Helen threw back upon her as she went out; and knew, in her heart, that the motherless girl did not wish to leave her.

"She'll learn the difference between a true friend and outside people!" said Mrs. Farley, nursing her unkind feelings towards Helen, who had tried her severely, and feeling a certain pleasure in the fact that the misguided girl would prove the difference in sorrow to herself. Again, she said, in looking back over the trial-passages of the past few months:—

"I shall never permit her to return. Nothing would tempt me to receive her into my family again. A happy riddance in every way."

Adrift, and without chart or compass! Poor child! How was it possible for Mrs. Farley to rest a moment in calm indifference? To her had been assigned the duty of guarding, guiding and saving an immortal soul; but, she lacked patience and forbearance—self-denial, and a right perception of the great responsibility which had, in providence, been laid upon her. She did not think of her duty to those in her household not of her own blood, but of *their* duty. They were to serve and minister; and the hire was to cancel all obligation on her side. What was Helen Bond to her more than any of the motherless creatures adrift in the world? She felt that, in giving her a home for so long a time, she had done even more than her duty; or, rather let us say, tried so to feel—for conscience would make, ever and anon, unwelcome suggestions, that troubled her peace of mind.

"I'm afraid that child's in danger!" said Mr. Farley, a few weeks after Helen went forth from his home. There was real concern in his voice.

"What of her?" asked his wife, a shadow crossing her face.

"I saw her on Chestnut street yesterday, and again to-day, in company with a young man with whom I would as soon think of trusting an innocent girl as a lamb with a wolf."

"Bad stock, I'm afraid," and Mrs. Farley knit her brows, and tried to assume a look of virtuous displeasure.

"Bad training most likely," answered Mr. Farley. "It never struck me that Helen was wrong at the heart. She is vain, weak, and fond of dress; but, innocent, I am sure."

"She'll not be innocent long, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Farley, with some severity of manner.

"I've often been sorry you permitted her to go away," replied the husband. "To save a soul from evil is the highest work assigned to a human being; and I sometimes think that, in sending this motherless girl in our way, Providence assigned to us that duty."

"I don't see it so," answered Mrs. Farley, not at all liking that view of the case. "I have my own

children to care for, which is about as much as I can do."

But, for all this, the remark of her husband laid as a weight upon her feelings.

Time moved on. Helen, from the day she went out, in evident fear and reluctance, from the sheltering haven of Mr. Farley's household, never went back again. She was hurt in the separation. The cold, hard, unsympathizing spirit in which Mrs. Farley parted with her, chilled to an icy dislike the tearful softness of feeling that, could it have had free course, would have thrown her sobbing, repentant, and pleading upon her bosom. Her good angels wept as she went out over the threshold. She had made the acquaintance of a girl about her own age; but the companionship was not a safe one. Helen was really innocent, and pure-minded—vanity, love of dress and admiration, were the dangerous defects in her character—but this person was naturally depraved. Helen had mentioned her break with Mrs. Farley, and the girl's prompt invitation to make her mother's house her home, until she could get into another place, was accepted. Hither went Helen on leaving Mrs. Farley; and here she made the acquaintance of several young men who were visitors. By one of these she was selected as a victim; and in her weakness, trust, and blindness, fell into the snares that were laid for her unwary feet. There was no one to watch over or give a word of warning. Alone, and adrift, the first strong wind threw her right among the breakers; and a fair bark went down amid the seething waters of sin and misery, and there was no hand of deliverance!

"I wonder what has become of Helen?" said Mrs. Farley, as she sat one evening, with a sleeping baby held against her bosom. There was a tone of interest, mingled with concern in her voice. Nearly three months had passed since the girl went away. Mr. Farley had a newspaper in his hand, and his response was a sudden ejaculation of pain.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife.
"It is all over with the poor girl!" A wave of anguish swept across the countenance of Mr. Farley.

"Who? What? You don't mean Helen?"
The face of Mrs. Farley reflected that of her husband.

"I mean Helen," was his answer, speaking in a disturbed manner. "Poor, unguarded child! We ought never to have cast her adrift."

"What of her, Mr. Farley?"

"She is dead!"

"Dead!"

"Yes: dead in disgrace and sin. Her way downwards has been swift."

Mrs. Farley groaned aloud.

"Here is the sad story." And her husband read from the paper in his hands how a beautiful young girl, named Helen Bond, had been found dead in a house of ill-repute. A vial, labelled "Sulphate of Morphia," indicated the means by which she had passed away. A few remarks as to her history were given, and the regret added that no one had felt sufficient interest in the motherless girl to throw around her the protection of a virtuous home.

Conscience, which had been unheeded, now lifted its voice aloud, and smote the ears of Mrs. Farley with words so full of stern accusation, that her heart shook, and fear united in her soul with pain. She felt that guilt lay at her door, and the stain of blood upon her garments. Ah, how vividly came back the face of Helen as she went out from the home in which she had found a refuge, agitated and full of grief and fear! It seemed to Mrs. Farley that a shadow of coming evil must have been cast there upon the girl's heart, filling it with dismay.

"God forgive me if I did wrong in this thing!" she said, in a troubled voice, speaking rather to herself than for the ears of her husband.

"It is too late for regrets now. The work is done," was his answer.

And then silence fell upon their lips, and they sat brooding over poor Helen's unhappy fate, with the burden of a great responsibility resting painfully on their souls.

But, as Mr. Farley had said, it was too late for regrets. The work was done; and there was no repentance in the grave.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

SNOWBALL.

BY ENIE.

Good-day, rosy-cheeked boys and girls. I knew your nimble fingers would turn to the "Treasury" first. I love children; I used to like to play with them when I was little; but perhaps not so well as with kittens, then. Reading "My Suicide Cat" some months since, in the "Treasury," put me in

mind of an adventure I had with a kitten long ago. I must tell you about it, the pretty little thing.

We—that is, I and my parents and brothers—lived in the "West" then, in a pretty cottage, on a high, green knob. At the bottom of this knob was a spring of cool, limpid water, and beside this a spring-house with plenty of sweet butter and

milk. These were surrounded with stately maples, which shaded the spring all summer from the burning sun, and in the spring of the year gave maple sugar, which little—and big, too—boys and girls know so well how to take care of.

One day I went with mother to see a friend. Mrs. Percy lived a mile off, in a vine-covered cottage, with her husband. She had no little ones to pet and take care of, so she raised a family of cats. You would think, to hear her talking to them, that they understood every word she said—perhaps they did, I never heard them say they didn't. Lily, Tiny, Bud, Bunch, she would call, and in would flock her family of cats. Little bunchy kittens scampering, and frolicking here, there, everywhere, while prim old mother sat watching, now and then putting a paw on them, with motherly interference, when they got too high.

There was one which took my fancy especially—a wee white one. I wanted it very much for my own. I did not dare to ask mother if I might have it, for she said I nursed them too much, and I was sure she would say no. But I was determined to have it. I sat down with kit to think of a plan. In a few moments, mother called me to go home. I took pussy in my arms and went into the house to get my hat and cape. I slipped her under my cape and started. It was a long yard, and Mrs. Percy went to the gate with us. Just then, kit began to mew piteously. Mother was angry and mortified at first; she thought I was going to slip it off without asking for it. But I had attended to that matter, and made my peace with Mrs. Percy, who now begged mother to allow me take it. She at last consented to let me have the precious treasure. "But," she added, "I know your father will kill it." But I was not much afraid of father turning hangman or a murderer. I was his only daughter, and pet, of course, and could coax him to anything. It was late in the evening when we got home, and I was obliged to stow kit away in a snug nook till morning.

The next morning I was up before "old Sol." I roused kit from her slumbers—a pity, too, she was curled up so snugly. But I wished to teach her the good habit of early rising. Alas! If I could have seen into the future I might have spared my pains-taking.

In the course of the day I got a bit of blue ribbon and a large button, with which I encircled her neck, and christened her Snowball.

"Kit looks for all the world like a snowball," I said, clapping my hands, "and then two bright eyes and that blue ribbon sets her off!"

Fannie Gardner came along that afternoon, and of course I must show Snowball off to the best advantage. And I did show her off; and oh, how proud I felt! I think I never saw a kitten behave better. Fannie admired her too, to my entire satisfaction. Snowball had behaved so well, that I thought she deserved a cup of milk. Mother was

done milking, and was now going through the process of putting it away. We all went down to the spring-house to see Snowball drink—as though a kitten had never done the like before. After she had ate her supper, she was very full of fun, running, skipping, climbing the maples, and cutting all kinds of capers.

Presently she ran up a tall maple, and with all our coaxing she would not come down. We called her, but she nodded her head, as much as to say, "I want to rest." We all thought she was tired, and waited on her awhile, then tried to coax her down with a string, but she only winked saucily, and the wink seemed to say, "I've had enough." Then we tried her with a cup of milk; but no, she had had her supper, and would not budge. The boys were thinking about going up after the naughty Snowball, but mother came and cut short our fun by "skedaddling," as the boys say, us into the house. "It was late," she said, "and Snowball would come down after we all went away."

I always regarded mother as an "oracle," but she failed in her prophecy this time, which failure shook my faith a little—just a little—at least in her knowledge of the "Grimalkin race."

I was up bright and early the next morning searching for my precious Snowball. I called her long and loud, but she did not come. We all hunted high and low, up and down, in and out, in rooms, cellar and garret, stables, barn and hen-house, spring spring-house and brook, grove and garden, and still we did not find her—"because we did not look in the right place," as brother Harn suggested. And it was true, for we had looked every place, save the right one.

At length I came to the conclusion that King had killed her, and the poor fellow received a severe lecturing for it. He did not appear to clearly comprehend the meaning of it, but looked a little ashamed to escape a whipping, I conjectured. And so the matter rested until after breakfast, when the hard problem was solved.

It must have been very cold that night, although it was summer, for not long after breakfast the boys came bounding in with my snowball, and it was hard and cold as ice—it was dead! They found it up in the maple where we had left it—*hung!*

My grief was unconsolable. I think if my tears had been bottled, there would have been—Well—I don't know how many. When they went to take its body away, I cried the more to think I should never see my pretty, playful Snowball again. One of my brothers acted as undertaker, and so poor Snowball was buried out of sight forever.

There is a moral in this story, little readers. But as I know you to be good at guessing, I will let you guess it. If your editor will allow this place in his Home Treasury, perhaps I will tell you at some future time of another white kitten, whose end was not quite so tragical.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

FLORENCE PERCY'S POEMS.*

Why is it that these human hearts of ours are tuned to such sad chords? Why is it that the song which soonest wakens responsive harmony in our own souls is that in which we trace a sweet and tender theme of sadness? Songs of mirth amuse us for a moment, and are soon forgotten—but let our ear but catch the gentle minor melody of some life-sorrow, and though it be a stranger hand that sweeps the chords, it warms our hearts at once to living sympathy and lights a fire of love within us which never shall be quenched. He is the truest poet—he sways most hearts and builds himself the most enduring remembrance in the affections of his race who stands upon this common ground of human sorrow. For it is here alone that all may meet. Joy may be the fortune of some, but sorrow is the lot of all.

Such our thought as we laid aside a little volume fresh from the press, bearing no preface or introduction, save the simple inscription—"Poems by Florence Percy." We know not whether from these leaves there breathes the burden of a personal grief, but through them all we trace the tender plaint of a bereaved heart. And a very human heart it is, too, striving against its misery—striving to be resigned to its affliction, and saying—

"The, love, be still
And let it be as God may will."

And yet in a kind of despair, like a bird that is wearied with beating against its prison-bars, exclaiming—
"Behold we live through all things—famine, thirst, Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body—but we cannot die,
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint and worn,
So all things can be borne."

What mother's heart, as the festive season of the year draws nigh, will not be wakened to sympathy by this touching recollection of a little one "among the angels."

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

The children sang a song this Christmas morning,
Mellow and clear, outside my chamber door,
Waking me softly from my pleasant dreaming
Of un forgotten Christmas days of yore.

Sweetly they sung, my neighbor's happy children,
Two merry girls and one glad-hearted boy,
Repeating oft their song's rejoicing burden,—
"On Christmas morn the angels sing for joy!"

Sweetly they sung; but ah! their cheerful voices
Broke up my soul's deep founts of hidden woe,
And pressing down my face against the pillow,
I let the bitter torrent overflow.

Missing the little child that warbled softly
Two years ago to-day, a song like this,
And when the joyful melody was ended,
Held up her sweet mouth for a Christmas kiss.

Only one Christmas-eve my fair-eyed darling
Lisp'd of dear Santa Claus her dreams among,

* Poems by Elizabeth Akers (Florence Percy.) Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Only one Christmas morn, white-robed and joyful—
Lifted her clear voice in a Christmas-song.

I see her little figure standing tiptoe,
To hang her dainty stocking on the wall;—
O sinless heart! O perfect faith of childhood,
Believing everything and trusting all!

Peace, aching heart! O, let me trust entirely,
With faith and strength that nothing can destroy,
That my sweet baby is among the angels
Who, on this Christmas morning, sing for joy!

What a tender story of a wrecked life is there in the following:—

MY SHIP.

Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down,
And the daylight's tumult and dust and din
Are dying away in the busy town,
I go to see if my ship comes in.

I gaze far over the quiet sea,
Rosy with sunset, like mellow wine,
Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly,
Many and fair,—but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night
Who over the bulwarks idly lean,
Noting the sails as they come in sight,—
"Have you seen my beautiful ship come in?"

Whence does she come?" they ask of me;
"Who is her master, and what her name?"
And they smile upon me pityingly
When my answer is ever and ever the same.

O, mine was a vessel of strength and truth,
Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece,
She sailed long since from the port of Youth,—
Her master was Love and her name was Peace.

And, like all beloved and beautiful things,
She faded in distance and doubt away,
With only a tremble of snowy wings
She floated, swan-like, adown the bay.

Carrying with her a precious freight,—
All I had gathered by years of pain;
A tempting prize to the pirate, Fate,—
And still I watch for her back again;—

Watch for the earliest morning light,
Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day,
To catch the gleam of her canvas white
Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet,—she will never come
To gladden my eyes and my spirit more;
And my heart grows hopeless and faint and dumb,
As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore.

Knowing that tempest and time and storm
Have wrecked and shattered my beautiful bar;
Rank sea-weeds cover her wasting form,
And her sails are tattered and stained and dark.

But the tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the daylight follows the night's eclipse,—
And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,
I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,
For vain and empty it long hath been,
I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

And the sweet, sad song which is familiar in all the households of our land, but we cannot refuse it space in this Home Department of the magazine:—

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O, mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

A charming "naïve" little poem, is called

"BLESSED DREAMS."

The sunset's smile had left the sky,
The moon rose calm and fair,
As low a little maiden knelt
To breathe her nightly prayer.
And thus her brief petition rose,
In simple words and few:
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

O, I have stood in temples grand,
Where in the rainbowed gloom
Rose pompous prayers from priestly lips,
Through clouds of dense perfume,
But never one has seemed to me
So guileless, pure, and new,—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Ah, little maiden, kneeling there,
Beneath the sunset skies,
What need have we of other prayer
Than yours, so sweet and wise?
Henceforth I breathe no studied plea,
But bow and pray with you,—
"Dear Lord, please send us blessed dreams,
And let them all come true!"

Here is a picture familiar to us all in daily life:—

IN WASHINGTON.

The burning sunbeams on the pavement beat,
There is no pity in the brazen skies;
The air along the street quivers with scorching heat,
And its hot dazzle blinds the aching eyes.

In these long days, with dust and turmoil rife,
The sultry distance of the Avenue
Seems like some dreary life, full of unrest and strife,
Where there comes never either bloom or dew.

She sits there in the sunshine all the day,
Almost beneath the passers' hurrying feet,—
A woman, old and gray, beside the crowded way,
Blinded and choked with dust, and faint with heat.

A few poor matches in her basket lie,
Half hidden by her tattered garment's fold;
She waits there patiently, but no one stops to buy,
And her small merchandise remains unsold.

Her eyes are fixed upon the stunted grass,
Browned by the sunshine, in the dusty square,
While youth and beauty pass, but give no thought, alas
To her who once was also young and fair.

In her now faded hair were golden gleams,
And youth shone on her forehead like a crown;—
Ah, how remote it seems, that time of joyous dreams,
Far from the hot streets of this tedious town!

Sometimes, I fancy, in her dull despair,
Across her thought this pleasant memory slips;
Once, as I passed her there, a sweet, old-fashioned air
Quavered in broken treble from her lips.

No matter whose rich skirts against her blow,
She never speaks, or turns her head, or stirs;
Oh, flutters to and fro, what can your gay hearts
know
Of such an empty, hopeless life as hers?

She sees you, blessed with all that fortune brings,
Shake from your dainty robes the perfumed airs;
She sees white hands, and rings, and gems, and precious things,
And smiling eyes. I wonder if she cares?

Silent she sits, her chin upon her knees,
While proud and happy crowds go sweeping by;
I wonder, when she sees such differences as these,
If her sad soul rebels and queries, "Why?"

What thoughts may pain her heart, so lone and drear,
Who knows?—But though I never heard her speak,
Once, as I came more near, I thought I saw a tear
Lost in the many wrinkles of her cheek.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS

But if there be a law of recompense,
Which rights all wrongs, and gives us back our own,
In some sweet realm far hence, where toil and turbulence

Dwell not, and age and sorrow are unknown;

There she, with all her earthly troubles told,
And freed from all this weight of want and care,
No longer wan and old, and poor and unconsoled,
Shall be a radiant angel, young and fair.

And if, enfranchised from this dreary maze,
I, too, shall come into that rest serene,
And meet her as she strays along the pleasant ways
Amid the waters still and pastures green,

Dowered with the deathless youth of paradise,
I wonder if my memory will be true,—
If, looking in her eyes, my own will recognize
The Old Match-vender of the Avenue!

There is a roll of drums and the throb of beating
hearts in the following, which will speak volumes to
many in our land—

THE RETURN OF THE REGIMENT.

The bells boom out to the cloudy sky,
The deep drums beat tumultuously,
And the martial music's crash and cry

Make all the city dumb;

There are tender eyes at every pane,
And, spite of wind and sifting rain,
From square and alley, street and lane,
The eager people come.

What do they come to seek and see?
Why do they gaze so earnestly?
What may the strange attraction be?

A handful of haggard men!

Men who have stepped in crimson stains
Warmly flowing from traitorous veins,—
Soldiers from red Antietam's plains,
Heroes of battles ten.

Ah, it is only a little while
Since in unbroken rank and file,
Cheered by many a nod and smile

From thousands as they passed by,
Fresh in their unstained uniform,
Eyes all hopeful and hearts all warm,
They went to meet the Southern storm,
To triumph—or to die.

Fourteen months have passed since then—

Fourteen months, and battles ten,—

The men are old, the boys are men,

Grown grave before their time;

And in their features the gaze sees
The bitter wisdom of times like those,
The sharply-cut experiences

Which make men's lives sublime.

Mute and strange are their faces all;
Nothing less than a battle-call,
With boom of cannon and shriek of ball,
Could shake their even breath;

Written in every line and curve
Are tales of courage and iron nerve,—
Of fire tried hearts that never swerve
From danger or from death.

Haggard with toil, fatigue, and pain,
Soiled and smoky with battle-stain,
Back they come to their homes again,
Changed as by many years;

But leaning out from the gazing bands
Many a woman silent stands,

Who longs to grasp their hard, brown hands,
And wash them white with tears!

Their banner wide in the wind unrolls,
Tattered and ragged with bullet-holes:
Think of the strong, heroic souls

Who hailed it as their pride;

And with their faint and anguished eyes,
Lifted in deathful agonies,
Saw it between them and the skies,
Blessed it, and blessing died!

Many a cheek at the memory pales;
The jubilant music faints and falls,
Dying in low and mournful wails

For those whose graves are green;
The crowd grows still with conscious dread,
So still that you almost hear the tread,
The ghostly tread of the gallant dead
Who walk in the ranks unseen.

Crippled and mangled in trunk and limb
Are these, whose souls have passed the brim
Of that wide sea which, strange and dim,

Knows no returning flow

Solemn and still, in strange array,
Pallid with illness, and gaunt and gray,—
The ghosts of those who went away
But fourteen months ago!

The eyes of women and lips of men

Welcome the soldiers of battles ten,

Coming back to their homes again,

Sobered, but not dismayed.

Uncover your head and hold your breath;

This boon not every lifetime hath,—

To look on men who have walked with death,
And have not been afraid!

We have only space for one selection more from
this admirable little volume—

BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US.

The time for toil has past, and night has come,—

The last and saddest of the harvest eves;

Worn out with labor long and wearisome,

Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,

Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,

Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves

That I am burdened not so much with grain

As with heaviness of heart and brain;—

Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light and worthless,—yet their trifling weight

Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;

For long I struggled with my hapless fate,

And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,

Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,—

Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,

Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet

I kneel down reverently and repeat,

"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,

With evening dew upon their folded leaves,

Can claim no value nor utility,—

Therefore shall fragrant and beauty be

The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew:

For well I know Thy patient love perceives

Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—

And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,

Thou wilt accept my sheaves!

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

A COUNTRY RIDE.

Did you ever drive a horse? Not a high-stepping, snuffing, dainty, airy, city-bred animal, but an old-fashioned, country "family" beast—a horse "that the women folks can drive," and have driven for the past three generations: whose head, neck, back, and stumpy tail (the main part long since rubbed off against the stable door) form one continuous straight line; whose eyes are getting blue and filmy—whose ribs no amount of hay, oats, and meal will persuade to remain concealed from human view—whose haunches have a spasmodic settling down at intervals as though they never expected to rise again; if you never have driven such a horse, then life has something yet in store for you.

Last summer, while spending a week at an old-fashioned country town, where there was no such thing known as a horse to hire, some evil spirit, on a certain lovely day, put it into the head of a pretty cousin of mine to suggest an afternoon ride to "The Glen," a picturesque valley on the shore about five miles distant from the place where we were staying.

Of course, as girls will, all following like a flock of sheep wherever one chances to lead, every feminine of our party seconded the proposal with characteristic vigor.

What could I do, as the only representative of my sex there present, but offer at once to borrow a horse and take them. An old farmer in the neighborhood was found willing to accommodate me with an animal, and a two-seated vehicle, which would hold four persons—a square boxed, black curtained arrangement, the only entrance into which was over the dashboard, which I called an "ark," but which the girls, as soon as they had seen it, christened "*the bedroom*." Into it we were all packed about two o'clock in the afternoon, Sis and a friend in the dim recesses of the "back seat;" Cousin Minnie and I sitting in front, as I was to drive.

"Is this horse 'sound'?" I inquired of the owner, as I gathered up the reins.

"Oh, yes; sound enough, and perfectly safe. Our women folks have driven him nigh on to twenty years."

This latter fact soon revealed itself. After traveling off briskly about a mile or so, Jerry, that was his name, began sensibly to lag in his gait. I essayed to urge him with the carriage whip, but without effect. His skin was too tough to heed any such application. After a very hard blow he would jerk his hind legs by way, it seemed, of gentle remonstrance, but did not increase his speed one jot. I thought if I could only reach his ears there might be still a sensibility in them which I could appeal to. But they were too far off. He was built with especial reference to that. Meanwhile the girls behind me were in high glee, and full of merry conceits regarding me and my steed. When we first started they christened us Alexander and Bucephalus. Then they came down to modern times, and we were Rarey and Cruiser, and finally they fell into the truer smile of Don Quixote and Rosinante. However, I was too wise to run a tilt with their wind-mills, though I was getting secretly nettled.

"Why don't you drive as women do?" said Cousin Minnie. "He's more accustomed to them, you know."

"Why, how's that?" I asked.

"Don't you know?" she replied, with a pretty surprise. "Well, then, I'll show you."

So she took the reins in her own hands, and laughing heartily as she did so, began to slap old Jerry on the back with them, and then drew them back and forwards thereby tickling his haunches. He stretched his long neck out and turned his head around and took a look at the inmates of the vehicle, then pricked up his old ears, and presently was travelling off on a good round trot. I laughed till my sides ached. At last I found a voice to ask—

"Is that the way women drive?"

"Certainly it is. Did you never notice them?"

You're a city bred, and never saw many women drive, or you would have observed their tactics long before this. Your early education has been sadly neglected."

"But where on earth did they ever find out such a ridiculous way to urge a horse along?"

"Oh, it's a divine instinct," said Minnie, her saucy eyes turned away from me and fixed on the point of Jerry's ears before her; "they take to it naturally. Horses are not the only animals they find it necessary to manage in this way. It isn't a woman's privilege, you know, to grasp the reins in lordly independence, and wear rough driving gloves, and sit up straight, and swing a whip with a long, stinging lash, and sing out at the top of her lungs, 'Go along, now!' and expect the whole world to trot off briskly at her command. Oh no! she can't do that," and Cousin Minnie shook her wise little head at Jerry's ear. "But she must get along somehow; and so she takes the lines so quietly that her touch is unperceived at the bridle-bit, and just tickles her subject a little in some spot which his eye does not command; and he unconsciously is pleased, he can't tell why; but the road looks fair and pleasant before him, and the load seems light and trifling, and he thinks he's journeying just for his own lordly gratification, whither and how his desires lead him, and the work is soon accomplished. But do you think he'd budge an inch if he knew the influence that controlled him? No indeed."

"Now, Cousin Min, I say, if you mean men—"

"But I don't, you see. I was talking about old Jerry."

Whether we might have gotten beyond "old Jerry" or not, I am unable to say, since we were brought rather suddenly back to him, in fact, by what seemed to be on his part a very extraordinary movement. He swiftly darted, with a vigor he had not evinced before since we set out, for a farm-gate by the roadside which stood invitingly open.

Next to an old doctor's horse, which will insist upon stopping at the door of every patient his master has ever visited, the most provoking animal to drive is a country horse, accustomed to certain habits, and having a most tenacious memory for all localities where he has been well-treated.

Our steed darted, as I have said, towards a farmhouse gate, and passed on before I could grasp the lines firmly enough to control him, nor did he stop until he had brought the carriage along side the back porch of an ancient farm-house. Two or three old

ladies came flying to the door, and hastened to peep around inside of the "bed-room," but drew back again, evidently disappointed at not recognizing familiar faces.

"I beg your pardon," I hastened to explain, while my face became scarlet at once, "we did not intend to drive in here, but our horse, as we were going past, took the matter into his own hands—and—and here we are—that's all I can say about it."

"Oh, la!" said one of the elderly ladies, laughing good-humoredly, "that's just like old Jerry. He used to live here once, and now he comes visitin' every week with some of his folks. I'll turn him around for ye, and you can go right out again."

She evidently thought I was not much of a driver, and possibly not able to turn the vehicle around without accident. I accepted her proffered aid, not knowing how to decline it exactly, thanked her in some confusion, and we drove off again, Jerry evidently manifesting some reluctance.

Scarcely were we outside the gate and fairly on our way once more, ere I noticed with considerable alarm that our horse was beginning to limp. I said nothing about it at first, and hoped there was only a shoe loose, which might not occasion any immediate anxiety. But he grew rapidly worse, and when we had proceeded about a mile farther, it had increased to such a distressing extent that the attention of the girls was drawn to it, and their sympathies at once enlisted for the poor old beast. Nothing could exceed their solicitude and anxiety. They besought me to return at once; and at first I received the proposal with favor, but, upon reconsideration, I decided that, as we were now but a mile from "The Glen," and as near that locality there was a blacksmith who could relieve our difficulty, it were better on the whole to push on, and accomplish, if possible, the remainder of our journey. The girls declared they would walk the rest of the way, rather than burden such a poor old animal. This I persuaded them not to do, and they so far compromised the matter with me as to ride on the smooth road and get out and walk up all the hills. As these latter were numerous, I had no little trouble in loading and unloading my feminine cargo at the foot and summit of every eminence, however small, which we encountered in our way.

"Poor old thing!" said Minnie, looking at him compassionately. "Do you think he can possibly live to get home, Dick?"

I had to confess my ignorance of all probabilities in the case, but I thought the prospect was truly alarming. The old creature seemed now scarcely able to go; besides the lameness, there was an occasional drooping of the head, letting it fall so low sometimes that the ears were barely visible above his back. He was evidently laboring with some terrible affliction.

At length, to our great relief, the blacksmith's was reached. It had taken us nearly an hour to accomplish this last mile. We stopped at the door of the forge, and the smith himself came out to us.

"Can you tell me if this horse has cast a shoe?"

He took up the horse's feet one by one, and pronounced them "all right" as he put them down again. "Are there none loose?"

He made another examination, and reported everything in order.

"Can you tell us, then, what makes him limp so badly?"

"No," he shook his head, doubtfully. "He might be foundered. I should say he was. Yes," looking at the animal meditatively, "I should say he was."

"Do you think he'll live to get home?" The ques-

tion was propounded from a very innocent little head, which didn't know what calamity might be expressed in the word "foundered," but which thought it must be a mortal ailment, judging from the symptoms in poor old Jerry.

The smith laughed a little and as though he would like to laugh a good deal more, I thought, as he replied, "Oh, yes, I guess so," and then we thanked him and passed on.

A half an hour later, after having duly admired the beauties of "The Glen," with no little fear and trembling, we reentered ourselves in "the bedroom," preparatory to our homeward journey.

No sooner did old Jerry find his face turned towards home, than he seemed gifted with a new lease of life, and the immediate improvement in his physical aspect was most encouraging.

I could scarcely restrain him until my fair freight was safely seated within the vehicle, and he did finally start off like a frisky colt ere I had mounted to my post, and I stumbled in over the dash-board at the imminent risk of my limbs and beaver. Nor could he be held back. We dashed past the blacksmith's door at a rate which must have astonished that worthy, who had witnessed our previous dejection, and so on with very little diminution of speed, until having completed the five miles in something less than three-quarters of an hour, we drew up gayly at the farmer's door. The owner of the horse stood waiting to receive us.

"How did you get along?" he asked.

"Oh, very well indeed," I replied. "Jerry was a little lame going out, but coming in—"

"O, ho!" laughed the man, good-humoredly, "at his old tricks again, was he? He always tries that game with strangers."

And the cunning Jerry turned around and winked his bleary eye knowingly at me, and lifted his heels saucily in the air as he drove off, as much as to say—

"Good-by to you, city greenhorn. Cuteness doesn't trot alone on cobble-stones. Don't tell your dainty town-bred friends how an old country horse deceived you."

And I determined that I wouldn't.

Yours truly, DICK.

OUR NEW SERVANT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I think I must tell the children and their mammas of a wonderful servant we have had for about two months past. She is not Irish, or German, or African, but that exceedingly rare bird, a genuine American servant—handy, clever, and *cute*. Her virtues are manifold. In the first place, she is wonderfully quiet—goes silently and steadily about her work—doing all that is required of her "with neatness and despatch." She is good-tempered—is never "on the rampage"—never insolent—never unkind to children. She has no followers—never goes off without warning; never wastes, never blunders, don't drink, and don't break the eighth commandment.

I call her servant, but she seems to me more like a helpful friend, a kindly companion; and yet she is but a soulless thing, after all—a mere wonderful piece of human mechanism; she is—one of *Wilcox & Gibbs' admirable Sewing Machines!*

I was very late in availing myself of the services of this great, beneficent hand-maiden of modern womanhood. I have longed for one vaguely for years, and made many resolutions to procure one, but have refrained, from painful doubts of my own ability to

manage a creature that seemed to me so "fearfully and wonderfully made." Being but modestly endowed with mechanical ingenuity and insight, I dreaded the trouble and vexation of learning to work any machine, and my inquiries of friends were always for the most simple invention. The weight of reliable evidence being overwhelming for that of Wilcox & Gibbs, I at last decided upon it, procured it, and am more than satisfied.

I began my acquaintance with it with some trepidation, but it soon put me quite at my ease. We were capital friends at once, and, as yet, have had no falling out. Together we fell right to work, and manufactured an article of clothing very creditably that very morning.

The simplicity of this machine is only equalled by the unerring accuracy with which it works. Our little daughter, after a very few trials, was able to manage it nicely, and the two are now on excellent terms. The only trouble is, that mamma cannot supply work fast enough. She laughs to see it hungrily devour the tedious long seams which were once her aversion, and then lick up the little seams, hems, tucks, and fells with such apparent relish.

Ah, mothers and wives, when work presses—when muslins, linens, and prints cumber your drawers, and little ones clamor for spring "togger," the thought that in your sitting-room waits, ever to help you, a silent, trusty friend of forty sewing-women power, is wondrously sustaining, isn't it?

And while the novelty lasts, at least, a sewing machine is a great incentive to industry in the family. Restless little girls delight in a kind of work so exceedingly like play; and boys even take to it, and think it "jolly good sport" to be able to manufacture their own shirts.

As for myself, I must confess I have not yet come to any real hard work with my machine. It still amuses me. I am still experimenting with it, and wondering at its Puck-like swiftness. I delight to set it at a long seam, and see it go like a greyhound on the scent—like Flora Temple on the course. In short, I don't believe there will be any end to my enjoyment of my machine while the dry goods hold out.—*The Little Pilgrim.*

CANARY BIRDS.

The subject of the care and treatment of these little household pets has recently been discussed in the Home Magazine. We have encountered in a cotemporary the following directions for taming canaries, and transfer them to our columns for the benefit of those who may chance to be interested in the same. The writer says:—

"I should not despair of taming a two-year-old canary, although undoubtedly the young one is the more hopeful to begin with. It must be placed in the cage near its mistress as she works, writes or reads, bringing it closer every day; and she should talk to it gently and kindly, looking it full in the face all the time. A treat of sugar, biscuit or green food should be given to it by its owner, the cage being close to her, and no notice taken at first of its eating; afterwards, a piece of groundsel should be held to it and taken away again if the bird will not take it. This must be continued with patience, getting the hand nearer and nearer to the bird. It is rather curious that it will eat from the mouth of its owner sooner than from her hand, knowing, apparently, that it can be caught by the one but not by the other. By suddenly awaking the bird at night with a light, putting

the hand into the cage, and quickly withdrawing it, as if frightened, saying, 'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' the bird will peck at it, and the hand must appear to be beaten; after two or three nights the little creature will fight with the hand, soon considering itself as the conqueror, and will no longer be afraid of it. It will then take a hemp-seed from the hand; it should be previously cracked, and first offered to it at night; indeed, all the lessons learned then will be remembered in a few days by daylight, and the impression will be deeper than if given during the day. A claw suddenly touched at night, with the words "shake hands," will teach it that whenever that claw is touched with the same words, it must be given. The greatest care must be taken not to hurt the delicate creature, for it is the feeling that it will not be injured, and that it can master the hand which makes it thoroughly tame. Hemp-seed should never be given except from the hand or the mouth, and this will be found a very important agent in the taming process; indeed, the bird will soon feel that the hand and mouth are signals of some dainty, and cupboard-love is the most potent of all affections with it. The voice has great power over birds, and they appear very sensible to praise from those to whom they belong."

TRUE REFINEMENT.

BY J. G. D. T.

As to what exactly constitutes this most essential element of social and moral life, people differ, as in regard to all other subjects. But no one who has had an opportunity to see the world and study human nature, can deny the fact that true refinement is sadly wanting, even among the intelligent and educated—those who should possess it above all others.

Alas! how defaced has become the divine impress on the soul, when, instead of striving to raise itself to more exalted planes of thought and action, it chooses the low and groveling things of life. The coarse expressions and indelicate allusions of many of those who presume to call themselves ladies, are disgusting to all those who are truly refined. Mothers are greatly at fault in this. Let them train their children to avoid all slang and unseemly conversation, and a great revolution would soon take place in this matter. A mere outside propriety will soon discover itself on acquaintance, and those once admired become objects of contempt.

The total want of refinement among many so-called gentlemen, is plainly shown in this disgusting habit of spitting anywhere and everywhere, and filling with suffocating tobacco smoke, even the lecture rooms where ladies are assembled. A cultivation of mind and heart, that shall enable us not only to become capable men and women in the world's great workshop, but also true ladies and gentlemen, whose pure lives and conversations, whose noble aspirations, and whose kind courteousness to our fellow creatures, shall so elevate us that we may indeed hope one day, to be adopted as sons and daughters in the great family of the All-Father, whose purity and holiness is from everlasting to everlasting.

ITEMS—LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of New York, announce "Spanish Papers, and other Miscellanies, hitherto unpublished or uncollected," by Washington Irving. The book will be in two volumes, and most of the matter is now first printed from the original MSS. The first volume contains "The Legend of Don Rode-

rick," "The Legend of Count Julian and his Family," "The Legend of Pelayo," and other Spanish subjects. The second consists of sketches and reviews.

New volumes of poetry from Longfellow and Whittier, will appear during the coming season.

The title of Longfellow's new volume is to be "Flower de Luces," and of Whittier's, "The Tent on the Beach." A volume of "Religious Poems," by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, is announced.

"Life and Death Eternal" is the title of an elaborate argument against the theory of annihilation. It is the production of Dr. S. C. Bartlett, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, and is published by the American Tract Society.

The *American Infant's Magazine*, an illustrated monthly of sixteen pages, is soon to commence in Boston.

Jean Ingelow has written a novel, which will soon be published simultaneously in England and America.

Mr. Edmund Quincy is engaged in writing the biography of the late Josiah Quincy, his father.

Dr. O. W. Holmes is said to be writing a story.

The edition of "Elaine," by Alfred Tennyson, illustrated by Gustave Doré, will be published by Messrs. Moxon & Co., on the first of December.

The author of "George Geith," Mrs. Riddell, has been, through severe illness, forbidden all literary labor, and through observance of the prohibition is slowly recovering.

Mr. Hart, a native of America, but long resident at Florence, has lately completed a remarkable group, called the "Triumph of Woman," the aim of which is expressed by the action of a beautiful woman, who robs Cupid of his last arrow.

Mr. Charles Dickens has been busily engaged in laying the plot of another serial story, to which it is to be hoped he will obtain a better illustrator than the "sloppy" artist who, by blurring his author's strong and beautiful outlines, has succeeded in almost utterly stamping out any recollection of Mr. Boffin, or the "Bird of Prey," and destroying the effect of an otherwise powerful novel. The new story will not be issued for some months. So says an English paper.

WHAT-NOT.

AMPLIFICATION.—Jean Paul says that a lady officer, if she wanted to give the word "halt," would do it in this strain: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind, I order you as soon as I have done speaking, to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be; don't you hear me? Halt, I say, all of you." Upon this a lady makes the following comment:—"Now, Monsieur Jean, it was an unlucky day you wrote that sentence. May you 'halt' wifeless through life; may your buttons be snappish, your strings knotty, and your stockings holy. May your boot-jack be missing, your feet corned; your shaving-water be cold, your razor dull; your hair stand up, and your dickies lie down; may your beard be porcupine, your whiskers thinly settled, and your mustaches curl the wrong way; may your coffee be muddy, your toast smoky, and your tea be water-bewitched; may you dream of paradise, and wake in some other place! And with a never-dying desire for affection, may you crawl through creation a meek, miserable, forlorn, fidgety, fussy, ridiculous, ruined, dejected, ragged old bachelor. Amen."

THE TOILETTE.—There are certain moralists in the world who labor under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not

dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other is enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is dowdy or untidy, or being old, fantastic or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference or disgust.

Doctor Harriet Hunt, one of the "strong-minded women" of the day, says that taxation without representation is tyranny, and continues:—"Here am I, an independent American woman, educated for and living by the practice of medicine. I own property and pay taxes on that property. I demand of the government that taxes me that it should allow me an equal voice with the other tax-payers in the disposal of the public money. I am, certainly, not less intelligent than thousands who, though scarcely able to read their ballots, are entitled to vote. I am allowed to vote in any bank or insurance company wherein I choose to be a stockholder. Why ought I not vote in the disposition of public money raised by taxes, as well as those men who do not pay taxes, or those who do either?"

SELF ESTEEM.—A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in talking to himself? Jonathan replied that he had two good substantial reasons. In the first place he liked to talk to a sensible man, and in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

SCIENTIFIC ENTHUSIASM.—Donatello, the great Florentine sculptor, had been long working at his statue of Judith, and, on giving the last stroke of the chisel to it, he was heard to exclaim, "Speak now; I am sure you can."

ENIGMAS, CHARADES, &c.

I.

CHARADES.

Whole, I am a banner; behead me, and I am to idle.

II.

Gazing on my first with a beating heart,
Young Harry stood by the shelving shore,
And sadly thought that now he must part
From his loved ones, perhaps to meet no more.

Ere he sailed away o'er the ocean blue,
With a loving clasp and a whispered prayer,
To my second his mother bade adieu,
And her tears fell fast on his dark brown hair.

Full many a month of my whole passed away,
Yet sadly waited the sorrowing mother—
Waiting for him the livelong day,
But each passed by as did the other.

III.

If a famed poet's name is correctly transposed, a Shaksperian character will be disclosed. **EUREKA.**

IV.

My first is so small that it oft can't be seen;
My second's less—isn't it droll?
To solve this charade is easy, I ween—
I'm afraid you'll pronounce it my whole.

V. CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a newly-married couple like a pair of sugar-tongs? They are two spoons joined.
2. When did Ruth behave ill to Boaz? When she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.
3. If a woman were to change her sex of what religion would she be? She would be a he-then.
4. What is the difference between a piece of honey-comb and a black eye? One is produced by a laboring bee, and the other by a belaboring.
5. What is a tempting subject for animal painters? A dog trying to imitate the bark of a tree.
6. What to do with cold mutton? Heat it.
7. When a girl is kissed by her lover, what newspapers would she mention? No "Guardian," no "Spec-

tator," no "Observer," but as many "Times" as you please.

8. Why are your lips always at variance? Because words are frequently passing between them.

9. Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep? Because for every grain they give a pack.

10. Why is a silk dress the most appropriate for walking in? Because it is not satin (*sat-in*).

11. If two men fight, and one bite off the other's ear, what would the magistrate require him to do? Keep the piece (*peace*).

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC., in November number.—I. Atlantic Ocean. II. Truth—Ruth—Hut. III. 1 Applecross—2 Daubar—3 Selkirk—4 Dollar—5 Wigtown—6 Portsoy—7 Peterhead—8 Bathgate—9 Glasgow—10 Montrose. IV. The hair. V. Teachest.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

PRESERVATION OF EGGS.—At a late meeting of the Farmers' Institute, in New York, a note was received from Mr. W. M. Brown, of Indiana, inquiring whether there is any way to pack eggs so as to keep them good from spring until the winter months. Upon this question the following discussion took place. The name of the first speaker is not given: There are various modes of keeping eggs, none of which are quite successful. Sometimes eggs packed in water saturated with lime, keep perfectly well, and sometimes they do not. Some persons say they can keep them in water saturated with salt; others keep them packed in fine dry salt, others, in charcoal dust. If packed in sand and kept in a very cool cellar, they will remain through the year. They should always be packed small end up. The best way to preserve eggs is to store them in one of Professor Nyce's preservatives. Professor Smith, Columbia College, said that the common way of preserving eggs in the north of Europe, and which appeared to be more effectual than any other mode he had ever seen, was this: The eggs are placed in a barrel, keg, earthen jar, or any other suitable vessel, and then melted tallow, only just warm enough to flow, is poured in, filling the interstices, and thus hermetically sealing the eggs from the air, which appears to be all that is necessary for their perfect preservation. When wanted for use, they are easily obtained by warming the open end of the vessel to soften the tallow. Mr. Solon Robinson said he thought lard or oil would answer the purpose; it would be more convenient. He had heard molasses recommended, and did not see why it would not answer perfectly. Mr. Carpenter said he had found no difficulty in preserving eggs in fine dry salt. He packs them endwise, and about once a month reverses the ends of the cases, or rather box with straight sides, so that a board and cloth or paper fits down and holds the contents in their place when reversed. Professor Tillman gave it as his opinion that anything which would exclude air would preserve eggs. Recent experiments in France have developed the fact that varnishing the shell destroys the value of the egg for incubation. Mr. E. Williams said he had seen eggs perfectly preserved by packing in meal.

TO CLEAN GOLD CHAINS.—Put the chain into a small glass bottle, with warm water, or eau de Cologne, a little camphorated chalk (tooth powder); scrape in some soap. Cork the bottle, and shake it for a minute violently. The friction against the glass polishes the

gold, and the soap and chalk extract every particle of grease and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intricate pattern. On taking it out of the bottle, rinse it in clear cold water, wipe it with a towel, and the polish, when all the damp has been allowed to evaporate, will surprise you. Soap lather alone, or soap and water, will clean a gold chain very well, so will a little eau de Cologne; but in these cases a slight brushing of the chain, or gentle friction with the hand, if possible, will be useful. The chain should be dried by rubbing with blotting paper or a soft dry cloth. Rouge and ammonia combined in water are used by the makers, so they tell us. For variety's sake we add the following from the "Dictionary of Daily Wants": "Make a lather of soap and water, boil the article in it for a few minutes, and immediately on taking it out, lay it in magnesia powder which has been heated by the fire; when dry, rub it with flannel; if embossed, use a brush; or the article may be simply washed in soap and water, and while wet, put into a bag with some clean fresh bran, then shaken well for a few minutes.

CREAM CHEESE.—The best way of making cream cheese at home is to put about a teacup full of thick cream on a folded napkin, placed on a tea saucer. As soon as it is firm enough, turn it over upon another napkin. It generally requires to be turned three times, once every six hours, and will then be fit to eat. Serve with parsley, and rub a little salt outside.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES.

RICE PIE.—One cup well-cooked rice, two eggs, half cup sugar, one pint new milk; flavor with mace or nutmeg.

TO REMOVE STAINS.—Boiling water poured through the stains of fruit, tea or coffee, upon tablecloths, will immediately remove them, if not dried in too long.

TO CLEANSE KETTLES.—A lump of saleratus the size of a walnut, dissolved in hot water, will remove grease from cooking vessels, and also take out the taste of onions or other highly-flavored food.

INK AND IRON RUST removed by dipping the article in sweet milk, then covering it with salt. L. E. M.M.

CORRECTION.—The water and lard should have been vice versa in the Apple Dumpling receipt in the October number. One and a half cups lard and one cup water is right.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS.

We have no bonnets now-a-days, and the apologies for the same are continually growing beautifully less. The last innovation is a square piece of straw, silk, or lace tied over the top of the head, relieved with a bit of trimming—bugles, lace, or velvet, around the edge, and a flower or two in front. It is impossible to reduce them much farther. It will be curious to see what step will be next taken in this matter.

Ladies of American cities are still sweeping the pavements with their long dresses, while we are told that in Paris they are worn quite to the ankles. From a Parisian letter we take the following:—

"Ladies must make up their minds to wear short petticoats and narrow crinolines, for before three months have passed over our heads, no Parisian *élégante* will be seen walking along the streets with a train. The Court and aristocratic circles have set the example, only it is probable they will abandon entirely the colored petticoat, and replace it definitely with one cut from the same piece of material as the dress. The arrangement of this new style of toilette (with two skirts, so to speak) will be as follows: First, a petticoat will be made to reach as far as the knee with any material that is convenient; to this will be joined a deep border of the same material as the dress. This border is plain at the edge, and if any trimming is desired, it is placed above the straight hem. The second or upper skirt is very narrow round the hips, and is cut out at the edge in large round scolops. This edge is

occasionally varied, according to taste, by cutting it in squares like the top of a battlement, or in vandykes or festoons; but, whatever form it assumes, it is always bordered either with velvet, gimp, or a narrow silk fringe. The following is a pretty model: A dark blue *failli* dress cut round the edge of the skirt in wide scolops, and bordered with a plait or tress of thick black purse silk; on the under skirt three rows of black gimp of the same pattern as the silk plait. The *fourreau* is cut in the *Princesse* form, and the bodice is trimmed with a tress of black silk.

"Bands made partly of satin and partly of velvet are now sold for petticoat trimmings. They are very handsome, and are advantageous in this respect—they can be easily imitated and mounted by a skilful maid without the aid of a professed dressmaker, and also pieces of velvet and satin that may have lain by as too small for other purposes, can now be utilized for trimming winter petticoats; the narrower the alternate stripes of velvet and satin are, the better is their effect.

"Paletôts for the approaching winter season are all lined, even cloth ones, consequently thick cloths are not used. The simple morning paletôts are lined with black silk to match, and black velvet is lined with white. Young girls will wear out of doors exceedingly short velvet *casques*—indeed so short that they look nothing more than house jackets. They are trimmed either with broad braid or fringe, and they never fail to have the long reins or streamers appended to the back.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GRIFFITH GAUNT; OR, JEALOUSY. By Charles Reade. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

"Griffith Gaunt," a story from the pen of Charles Reade, which has run through the last year's numbers of the *Atlantic*, and has perhaps occasioned more discussion as to its moral and literary merit than any serial hitherto published in that high-toned magazine, has at length been brought to a close, and in complete book form is presented to the American public.

Now that it is fairly before the people, it is possible to weigh its merits more dispassionately than before, and to judge fairly whether the work is open to that censure which in many circles has been so freely bestowed upon it.

Admirable as are Charles Reade's talents—wonderful as is his genius, we think that he has hardly done credit to either, or added to himself anything of enviable fame by this last production of his pen. The work seems to us objectionable for many reasons, and among the foremost of these we notice its *slang*. To keep the English language pure and undefiled, to guard it from detraction by the addition of unseemly words and phrases, ought to be the conscientious aim of every author who makes use of it as the vehicle of expression for his ideas; and, verily, we think our mother tongue, could it speak for itself, would vent its strongest Saxon upon this man, who, through his

flash expressions, has so sullied its purity and grace. If, in the delineation of cockney character a writer finds it desirable to transcribe, as nearly as may be, the vile language which belongs to that class of community, it is well and good, the delineator thereby adds coloring to his picture, and oftentimes gives point to his narration. But when in the simple recital of incidents, the author makes use of slang phrases to express his own ideas, every instinct of refinement or good taste in the reader revolts therefrom, and the author, however, talented, will not escape the charge of coarseness and vulgarity. Of such instances in Griffith Gaunt we note only two, and these occur within a half-a-dozen lines of each other. Speaking of women and their readiness to yield a point, he says they are accustomed to "knock under," a phrase, which, while it may be expressive in a slang way of an idea, is not, as yet, a recognized elegance of speech in polite literature. Passing along the street the other day, we overheard a loafer allude to his timepiece as a "turnip." We wonder if he knew a standard author of our day had done all in his power to perpetuate the chaste expression and render it classic. We find in Griffith Gaunt the following brilliant passage: "She found her husband seated at the dinner-table with one turnip before him; and even that was not comestible; for it was his grandfather's watch, with a face about the size of a new-born child's," etc. The literary

curiosity-seeker of a future age, will discover that among refined circles, in the nineteenth century, a watch was commonly called a "turnip," quoting as the source of his information, Charles Reade, a celebrated novelist of that period. But we have said enough concerning this fault, since there are worse to follow. The moral character of the work has been assailed, and that, we think, justly. Now we do not by any means admire that *Podsnapery* delicacy which is continually on the "qui vive" for something which shall "call a blush to the cheek of a young person;" nor do we believe in that prudish criticism which well deserves the rebuke—"honi soit qui mal y pense."

The author says, somewhere, as a sort of extenuation for some occurrence, that it was a "coarse age" of which he writes, and one would think it was a coarse age for which he had written, too, so destitute of refinement is the tale. Indelicate, not to say indecent, allusions are broad, frequent, and introduced often, it would seem, quite unnecessarily. Of the six leading characters in the story, only one, and that poor Mercy Vint, who was cruelly wronged by Griffith Gaunt, could be said to have lived a life of conscious innocence and perfect purity. Certainly our author does not aim to place high ideals before the audience he would influence by this work. And yet, strange as it may seem, he is working for a moral purpose.

Nearly all of Reade's works have been directed towards the reform of public abuses. "Never too Late to Mend," was directed against the cruel inhumanity of prison discipline; "Very Hard Cash," a spirited crusade against the English system of private mad houses; and in Griffith Gaunt, after wading through thirty chapters of incomprehensible slime, we find at last the fountain we had almost despaired of, in an attack upon some glaring defects in English Civil Law. But though the fountain is reached, it is insufficient to wash away the stains that have accumulated so thickly about it. We cannot but feel that it might have been attained in some other way; that the moral might have been inculcated just as effectually with less objectionable antecedents; nor can we doubt that this will be the verdict of a candid public, who, whatever may be its merits (and it has many and great ones), will feel that it were better calculated to please the people of the age in which Fielding lived, than the more critical taste of the nineteenth century.

THE PICTURE OF ST. JOHN. A POEM. By Bayard Taylor.
Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This talented author alternates between prose and poetry—treating the public to an occasional instalment of either, exhibiting, perhaps, more versatility of genius than almost any other of our American writers. The poem before us is the most pretentious in length and style that we have seen from his pen. Without stopping to discuss its merits or demerits, we will give here a short synopsis of the plot of this romantic epic.

The book, besides an introductory note and a poem addressed to artists, is divided into four parts, called, respectively, "The Artist," "The Woman," "The Child," "The Picture." In the first we have a description of the early life, growth, education and achievements of a painter. His youth passed, he goes to Italy to pursue his studies. Stays awhile in Venice and other cities; revels in the works of art to be found there, and finally reaches Florence. Here, as he is entering the city, passing along one of the streets, a wreath, flung by chance from the hand of a beautiful maiden, alights upon his head. He sees the maiden who has unin-

tionally crowned him, upon a balcony overhead, and—

"She, too, stood, smitten with the wondrous charm,
Whereby the freak of her unwitting hand
A stranger's forehead crowned."

But as he looks—

"Crept over throat and cheek a bashful stain—
She fled, yet flying turned and looked again."

Success crowns the artist's labors in Florence, and he achieves fame. The vision of the balcony haunts all his pictures and at length her face appearing at a public exhibition in a picture of the Virgin, her father sees it, and eventually engages the young artist to paint his daughter's portrait. Which brings us to part second—"The Woman."

Of course they fall in love, the artist and the high-born maiden, who is already betrothed to a Florentine noble. Of course an elopement ensues, and the young couple flee northward across the mountains. Here, in a quiet little village they make themselves a home, and here a child is born. Here at length, poverty overtakes them, and Clelia pines for the warm, sunny skies of the southern land, and at length dies. Then the father has left him but "The Child." Him he takes and returns to Italy under an assumed name, that his wife's father may not discover his whereabouts. Here he devotes himself to art and the rearing of his beautiful boy. He promises himself that when the child is six years old he will paint him as the infant St. John. At length the looked for time arrives, and with eager joy he addresses himself to the task. The first rough drawing is made when the artist, under some pretence, is called away from home. While he is gone, the child is stolen at the instigation of the grandfather who, through the artist's pictures and the ever recurring face of Clelia in them, has traced the fugitives to their hiding-place. We have reached now the fourth and last part, called "The Picture."

The artist seeks his child and in a vision sees him at the house of the old marchese, his grandfather. Thither he hastens, and the boy comes running to greet him with demonstrations of great joy. The old man, angry, appears upon the scene, and swords are drawn; and in the fray the child is killed. Grief makes friends of the bitter foes over the dead body of the little victim; but despair rends the father's heart and drives him nearly to madness. At length, through the influence of the memory of the sainted child and the divine picture he had commenced to paint, he is drawn back to reason and finishes the incomplete work.

Such is the story told in smoothly rhyming verse. The edition we have seen is very neat and chaste, but we presume we shall see the volume in more elegant binding as the season draws towards Christmas, at which time it will no doubt be a very popular gift.

CHARACTER AND CHARACTERISTIC MEN. By Edwin P. Whipple. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Mr. Whipple does not often come before the public, but when he does, is always cordially welcomed. In the present work we have twelve papers, perhaps sufficiently indicated by their respective titles—1. Character; 2. Eccentric Character; 3. Intellectual Character; 4. Heroic Character; 5. The American Mind; 6. The English Mind; 7. Thackeray; 8. Nathaniel Hawthorne; 9. Edward Everett; 10. Thomas Starr King; 11. Agassiz; 12. Washington, and the Principles of the Revolution.

These are, each and all, most admirable essays, and will commend themselves to every candid mind. The author "has taken grave issues, and considered them

carefully and treated them very ably. Some of his decisions might be opened, but in the main he is fair, earnest, and honest, and his contributions will be read with as less profit than pleasure."

WOMAN OUR ANGEL. By A. S. Roe. New York: Carleton.

The works of Mr. Roe are always, in their moral tone, unimpeachable. He does not rank among our greatest novelists, and yet his stories are always exceedingly popular. The present volume does not fall below his usual standard of excellence. Some of the characters are most admirably drawn, and though somewhat deficient in plot, the story maintains its interest to the end.

HELEN FORD. By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: Loring.

A novel which, while it betrays no very great originality in style or thought, nor anything surprising in the way of incident, will yet be found rather entertaining and readable. Helen Ford is a musical genius, and sings in one of the theatres of New York city. She has a varied experience and many troubles, but comes out triumphant at the last, as a heroine ought to, and "lives happy and contented ever after."

BOUNDED TO THE WHEEL. By John Saunders.

A HIDDEN KEY.

Both of these works belong to Harper's series of select novels. None but the very best works of fiction are admitted to this choice library. They have already attained a wide celebrity.

CHARITY HELSTONE. By Mrs. Carey Brock. Philadelphia: James L. Claxton.

This is a very excellent work, designed for girls from twelve to twenty years. Charity is an orphan, living with a great-aunt, and does not discover her parentage until she is grown up to womanhood. Her school-life is depicted in a very interesting manner, and her whole history is replete with lessons of love, and faith, and gentleness for the youthful mind. The book is worthy of high commendation.

100 GOLD DOLLARS. By Mrs. J. E. McConaughy. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co.

The young people, who have followed this charming little story through the weekly numbers of the *Sunday School Times*, will be rejoiced to secure it in book form to add to their libraries. There are few who understand so well how to interest and instruct children and youth, as Mrs. McC. The *Home Magazine*, has in the past, been greatly indebted to her for her very valuable contributions to its pages, and we are rejoiced to see the daily indications of growing popularity. For Sunday School libraries, and as a Christmas gift for the little ones, this book will be found to have few superiors.

THE DIVINE ATTRIBUTES: Including the Divine Trinity, a Treatise on the Divine Love and Wisdom, and Correspondences. From the "Apocalypse Explained" of Emanuel Swedenborg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The appearance of this volume, and the announcement by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. that they have in press other works by Swedenborg, and intend publishing the whole of them in elegant style, marks a new era in the progress of thought. Heretofore, the

works of this eminent man, so wonderfully illumined and in advance of his age, have been printed and published by societies or individuals who received his doctrines as true, and their circulation, not reaching the general trade, has of necessity been limited. If you inquired for them at the bookseller's, you could not get them. In Boston, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, and a few other places, were local depositories where they could be obtained; but few except, those who believed in the new doctrines, knew where to find these depositories.

But the increasing inquiries for these extraordinary writings has led to the beginning of a new order of things. The house of Messrs. Lippincott & Co., one of the most sagacious in the country, accepting this inquiry as the indications of a popular want, now takes up the long-neglected works, and is preparing to throw them into the great channels of trade. In pursuance of this purpose, we have the present initial volume, one of the most beautiful specimens of book-making that has issued from the American press.

DUTIES AND DIFFICULTIES. By Mary Mathieson.

NETTIE WALLACE. By Miss C. M. Trowbridge. Philadelphia: J. S. Claxton.

We are reminded that the holidays are drawing on apace by the influx of volumes calculated to please the children. We add these two to the list of delightful books which are "appropriate to the season."

LINWOOD. New York: O. S. Felt.

This volume especially commends itself to young persons just entering upon the graver duties of life, for its purity of tone and its careful discriminations between right and wrong. The characters in the story are well drawn, and act their parts like real men and women. "Linwood" is one of the books we can warmly recommend. Into whatever home it enters, it will bring a pure and exalting influence. The author is Mrs. M. O. Johnson, the "Anne Caswell" of the *Home Magazine*.

THE TRUE CHURCH. By Theodore Tilton. Illustrated by designs by Granville Perkins. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Among the exquisitely illustrated books of the season, this one will attract more than ordinary attention. The author represents himself as seeking for the one true church:—

"One Sabbath morn I roamed astray,
And asked a Pilgrim for the way;
'O tell me, whither shall I search
That I may find the one true church?'"

The Pilgrim answered:

"— search the world around,
The one true church is never found."

And then they visit several of the churches, and observe and remark upon the quality of worship as offered therein. The conclusion arrived at was, that

"— all are good, but none is best."

Then the Pilgrim reveals himself:

"While yet he spake, a rapture stole
Through all my body and my soul.

"I looked upon his holy brow,
Entreating, 'Tell me, who art thou?'"

"But such a splendor filled the place,
I knew it was the Lord's own face!"

"I was a sinner and afraid!
I knelt in dust, and thus I prayed:

"O, Christ the Lord! end thou my search,
And lead me to the one true church."

"He spake, but not as man may speak:
 "The one true church thou shalt not seek;
 "Seek thou forevermore, instead,
 To find the one true Christ, its Head."

"The Lord then vanished from my sight,
 And left me standing in the light."

How far the different churches will accept Mr. Tilton's judgment of their claims is to be seen. We think it probable that some demurrers will be filed.

Artists and printers have combined to make this volume one of rare beauty. Apart from its literary merit, it will be sought for the charm of its illustrations.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

TO-DAY.

Fronde, in his "History of England," in describing that dark and stormy midnight of persecution which preceded the morning sunrise of the Reformation, tells us of some men and women born in Holland, residents of England, who were burned at the stake for holding tenets in opposition to the Roman Catholic creed, and says of these martyrs—"Poor Hollanders they were, and that is all. Scarcely the fact seemed worth mention, so shortly it is told in a passing paragraph. For them no Europe was agitated, no courts were ordered into mourning, no papal hearts trembled with indignation. At their deaths the world looked complacent, indifferent or exulting. Yet here, too, out of twenty-five common men and women, were found fourteen, who by no terror of stake or torture could be tempted to say that they believed what they did not believe. History for them, has no word of praise. Yet they, too, were not giving their blood in vain. Their lives might have been as useless as the lives of most of us. In their deaths they assisted to pay the purchase-money for England's freedom."

I suppose few days seem grand or heroic to the men and women who live and toil in the midst of them. Even in the St. Bartholomew massacres, the people rose up and went to bed, they eat and drank, they sorrowed and rejoiced, without dreaming that those very days and nights would stand out to all future generations swathed in sackcloth and ashes, the black brand of that awful massacre eternally upon their foreheads.

And so it is always. Life is made up so largely of merely common-place details, there is so much in each man's life that is like others, that he can hardly seem a hero to his contemporaries.

And so it is with to-day. Its interests, its work, its sorrows and its joys, darken their narrow horizons about us. It has no heroic side; no roots stretching far down the soil of future years; we discern on the far mountain tops no glimpses of radiant light; the road of the present is a dead level, with an unvarying routine of cares, interests, habits and inexorable necessities.

But the past lies in a wonderful atmosphere of enchantment. In its magic lights we see the great masters and actors kindled with strong enthusiasms, and lifted up to lofty heights of devotion and sublime purpose, by work that is to bless the silent centuries of the future; and gladden the names of its benefactors with blessing and gratitude from countless generations.

But we forget that these great men of the past were only the common men of the present. They wrestled with infirmities as we do; doubts, and fears, and perplexities, assailed them also; the same mists of prejudice, fears and blindness lay about their paths, and there was nothing heroic in their stumbling, and fall-

ing, and gathering themselves up again for the wrestle of life.

But the footlights around those distant stages dazzle our eyes. The grand drama of toil, of suffering and achievement go on before us, and the air is purer and nobler, and the actors never descend into the environment of common-place, every-day life, which was so strong and real to them. They are always on the stage, with the lights, and scenery, and draperies.

So this noisy, crowded, bustling to-day—these hours, one so like another, weaving themselves into the tissue of life, will be in the eyes of future centuries something very different from what it is to ours. The same magic will be wrought, and the great drama will stand completed and perfected, all its parts arranged, its characters grouped, and each having its own individuality and significance.

I suppose the old Greeks eat and drank, and toiled and rested, much as we do, though not half so comfortably. I think, if we could go back to grand old Rome, in her ages of Augustan splendor and glory, we would be very glad to get back to our own "hard, material, grovelling nineteenth century." For we must not forget that our to-day is the heir of all that have gone before.

Into the present, as into the great sea, flow all the streams and rivers of the past. Those men and women whose blood dyed the scaffold, whose bones dropped to ashes at the stake, who moulded in prisons and perished in wilds, for God and the truth's sake, are the great creditors of the present. They helped, with their courage and devotion, with their toil and suffering, with their strength and weakness, alike to lift up our present into the light of Heaven. Away from dark, clinging mists of superstition, ignorance, cowardice, they broke its chains and loosed its bands, and to them we are debtors for life, liberty and happiness.

Let us do honor to the past. Let us turn back often to gaze on the grand dramas of its histories, on the groups there who lived, and toiled, and suffered for us; but let our present be the best interpreter of the past. Our to-day is better and nobler because of the yesterday that prepared its way.

For the rest, the prophet is without honor in his own country; the world has seldom recognized its benefactors; indeed, in most instances, proved itself in a hurry to get them out of it. The to-day seldom knows its heroes. And here again, to close, as we began, with what Fronde says of the Reformers of the sixteenth century—"They knew that if they persisted they must look for the worst from the king and from every earthly power; they knew it, and they made their account with it. Hunted like wild beasts from hiding-places to hiding-places, decimated by the stake, with the certainty that however many years

they might be reprieved, their own lives would close at last in the same fiery trial; beset by informers, imprisoned, racked and scourged; worst of all, haunted by their own infirmities, the flesh shrinking before the dread of a death of agony—this it was that they struggled on, earning for themselves martyrdom, for us the free land in which we live and breathe." V. V. Z.

HOMES FOR ORPHAN CHILDREN.

In the last number of the Home Magazine, we gave some account of the doings of Rev. Mr. Müller, of Bristol, England, and of his home for over eleven hundred orphan children. The reading of that account cannot have failed to leave a deep impression on many hearts wherein the fires of a truly Christian love have been kindled; nor can it have failed to awaken in the thought of many minds the question, "Cannot I also do something for the neglected, offcast, and suffering little ones, whose pale, eager, and too often evil faces, haunt me every time I walk abroad?"

If that question has presented itself to your mind, reader, you may be sure that it came from Him who seeks ever for human agents to do His good work in the lower world, and that if you are willing to help in saving these lambs of His flock, and leading them to His fold, He will show you the effectual way. In just the way that Mr. Müller works, not one in a thousand, nay, nor in ten thousand, can work. He has a mental organization, a simple faith in God, and a trusting abandonment of himself to the Divine guidance, so far above the reach and comprehension of most men and women, that he must stand, in the present generation, almost alone in his peculiar method of doing good.

But there are other and ordinary methods of effecting the same things, such as all may adopt with a full assurance of success. And it is to call your attention to these, that we now write. In most of our larger cities, homes have been established by kind-hearted Christian men and women, into which orphaned and neglected children are gathered, there to be fed, clothed, and educated, until old enough for useful work, when good places are obtained for them. For many years past these "Homes for Friendless Children" have been in operation, and to-day there are thousands of industrious and virtuous young men and women in our country who, but for these institutions, would, to-day, have been a curse to themselves and society.

Here, reader, is the tried and proved way of doing the good work we are considering. Are you living in a large city, where the sad sight of tender little children, receiving an education for hell instead of for heaven, pains your eyes whenever you walk abroad? Rest not a day until you have given your single dollar, or fifty, or five hundred, as God has given you the ability, to some "Home" that you can easily find, and so help to save a child from ruin of body and soul.

If you are living in a town or city where no such institution has been organized, use all the influence in your power to get one in operation. Make a beginning, no matter how small. Have a little of Mr. Müller's faith and trust. Remember that God cares for human souls; that He seeks to save those precious children, and that He will order the means if willing hands but lay hold upon the work.

A few years ago, in one of our inland towns, two or three ladies, with no pecuniary resources of their own, moved with pity for the neglected children that were all around them, rented a room, and invited as many as would come in for instruction. They were themselves the instructors, taking charge of the school in alternation. In a few months they were able to employ a person to take the daily care of their scholars. But,

by this time, they saw that, for any permanent good, something more was required. It was another home, and an entire removal from vicious and degrading influences, that too many of the children needed. A few citizens had, by this time, become interested in the good work, and enough aid and encouragement was given to warrant the renting of a small house, and the establishment of a Home for Friendless Orphans.

A matron was engaged and the beginning made. From that small beginning, and supported solely by the voluntary contributions of the people, who have come to regard a maintenance of this "Home" as one of their obligations, an institution has grown up, in which now over two hundred orphans are supported and educated. A commodious building has been bought and well furnished, and, what is better still, paid for.

Now what was done in this case, has been done in many other inland towns, and can be done in every town throughout the whole land, if only a beginning be made.

Think of the good result. Think how vastly better the tone of society will be in the coming generations, if the children of a class who, in past times, were left to grow up and become worse than their vicious parents, are, in the future, educated and brought under virtuous influences.

It is easier to save ten children from the evil ways into which their feet are just turning, than one man who has become sensualized or criminal—easier and cheaper to build up "Homes for Neglected Children," than to maintain criminal courts, almshouses, and jails.

If you are moved, reader, by these considerations, do something to help the children whose angels knock at the door of your heart, and ask the degree of help God has put it into your power, to give. It cannot be well for you, in the higher and truer sense, if you neglect the invitation.

First Number of the "Children's Hour."

Our new magazine for the "little ones," has appeared, and is winning golden opinions in all directions. We give the contents of the first number:—

"The Sunny Maple," by L. A. B.; "The Small Woman," by May Leonard; "Lost in the Woods," (Illustrated), by Irene L—; "The Moth and the Candle," (Illustrated); "Eddy's Dream," by T. S. Arthur; "Afraid in the Dark;" "Twilight," (Illustrated), by Kate Sutherland; "Willie's Journey to Heaven," by Jennie Gaige; "Breakwater," by Virginia F. Townsend; "The Horse's Petition;" "The Elder Duck," (Illustrated); "Little Pearl," by Mrs. M. O. Johnson; "Little Mattie," by May Leonard; "They will Blacken if they do not Burn;" "Autumn Days," (Illustrated).

Of this number, the *Lady's Book* says:—

"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," MR. ARTHUR'S NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE 'LITTLE ONES.'—The first number of this magazine is out, and its exquisite beauty altogether surpasses our anticipations. We looked for something very nice and good, but not so charming and perfect in all respects as this. But its fair external is not its chief attraction; this, as might be expected, lies in the reading. The stories so simply and winningly told, are full of truth and tenderness; containing life-lessons that no child can fail to perceive, nor any man or woman take to heart without becoming wiser or better. 'Eddy's Dream,' by Mr. Arthur, will claim the children's almost breathless interest, and leave an impression for good not easily, if ever, forgotten, and few grown persons will read it without pausing to look down into their own hearts.

"Miss Townsend begins a serial story for the chil-

dran, entitled 'Breakwater.' We need not say that it will be one of the chief attractions of the magazine. The young people know and love Miss Townsend. 'The Sunny Maple' is exquisite. Who is L. A. B. the author? Then we have 'The Lost Children,' 'The Moth and the Candle,' 'The Little Woman,' 'Little Pearl,' and a sweet, tender, tearful sketch called 'Willie's Journey to Heaven.'

"But it would occupy more space than we can spare to tell of all the good things contained in this first number of *The Children's Hour*. Our advice to one and all who have children, is to send for this magazine."

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

In closing the year, we naturally look back upon our work, which, for good or ill, stands unchangeable, and leaves its satisfaction or regret. What of the Home Magazine for the year that ends with this number? we ask. Have its pages been worthy of the high ends proposed in its publication? For popularity with the light and frivolous; for favor with the coarse or irreverent, have we weakened its power for good, or soiled its fair record? If this has been done we are not conscious of the fact. We are not aware of having, in any instance, lowered the standard at first set up, but we have aimed, instead, to lift it higher.

In the coming year, we hope to give the *Home Magazine* a deeper hold upon the regard and confidence of its readers. We know that the number of those who think and feel with us on social questions, who comprehend the responsibility of each individual in all his life relations, and who are attracted by whatever refines and ennobles, are steadily on the increase. It is for such that the Home Magazine is published; and on the influence of such we depend for its wider sphere of action. We number them among our friends, and ask them for all the friendly aid it may be in their power to give.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

See second page of cover for full particulars. The machine offered is the Wmco & Ginas noiseless sewing machine, one of which has been in use in our family for several years, and is preferred, with us, to all others. The terms on which the offer is made are so graduated, that any one who fails to get the number of subscribers required to secure the machine as a full premium, can still get it by the addition of a sum above the amount received for subscriptions, ranging from \$5 to \$30. The machine is the one sold by the manufacturers at \$56 cost, and has the hemmer, feller, and braider.

If you do not want a sewing machine yourself, but know of a poor woman in your town or neighborhood who does, let us suggest that you help her to get up a list of subscribers to the Home Magazine, and so secure for her, as Grace Greenwood calls it, "this silent trusty friend of forty sewing-women power."

BABY'S WREATH.

(See Steel Engraving.)

The centre of the household is the baby. No matter how widely diverse are the opinions and interests of the other members of the family, here, in love for the baby, all find a common ground. In the engraving we see three children conspiring together to please the tiny little one, too young to amuse itself. A wreath of summer flowers has been woven for its head, and eagerly they watch baby's acceptance of the gift. No matter if the cunning little hands, in utter ignorance of the painstaking which has formed the

wreath, shall tear it soon in pieces, the older ones are well content if they have but afforded baby pleasure.

THE PARTING WORD.

(See Wood Engraving.)

One more parting injunction from the gentle mother-lips ere she can bid her darling boy good-by. Those earnest words of loving counsel, how, in after years, they will come thronging back with the memories of school-boy days, when the voice that uttered them is still and the anxious heart has ceased to beat forever.

ON CONTENTMENT.

Spencer, in his quaint old Norman-Saxon, says—

"The noblest mind the most contentment has."

and there is a great leaven of truth in this bit of his "Fairie Queen," such leaven as works silently all through the sweet Cantos, as you will find if you read them. I do not mean—I am sure Spencer did not—that sort of "Contentment" which comes of inertia, of general rust, inactivity and decay of one's forces and faculties, but that strong, restful Contentment which, I suppose, was never ripened in any human soul without confusion and struggle, without many a desperate wrestle and defeat.

We get our knowledges and our virtues slowly. I mean those that will stand the test and the strain of life—a strain hard, tight, steady, as you will bear witness out of your own experience.

Now, as there has been a great deal of talk of humility, after the "Uriah Heap" pattern, so there has been a great deal of talk about Contentment, partly twaddle, partly hypocrisy. That being content with things as they are—that accepting one's lot and condition without trying to improve it—that lack of aspiration—that love of ease—that shrinking from effort, never yet lifted a human soul up to the levels around which gather the strong, clear atmosphere of peace and contentment.

The ancient allegory which represents all human life under the figure of a knight going out with breast-plate, and sword, and shield, to do battle, holds good for to-day, and will, until the Millennium, at least.

The Quest has appointed us all in one shape or another. This nineteenth century has its own peculiar forms of evil to be met and vanquished, its wrongs to be righted, its weak and helpless to be delivered; and woe be to the soul who stands and cries, "There is a lion in the way."

Stagnation no more resembles contentment than the great river, strong and calm on its path to the sea, gathering up into its heart ten thousand brooks, and streams, and springs, is like one of those dark pools around whose bosoms mephitic gases hover, and deadly miasmas lie, blackening the landscape and tainting all the air and life so far as it reaches.

Neither is this Contentment; that moral stoicism, that is at heart hard and selfish; that looks upon life as a mere "Puppet-show of fate" which wraps itself away from human love and affections in indifference and disdain. The God who created and placed us here, and whom we most resemble in those highest moments, when our hearts glow with their deepest pities and profoundest sympathies, denies by all the spirit of His word and works that old heathen ideal of stoical philosophy.

We may read, and sink from the earnest purpose which forms the whetstone of all true action, into sloth, or selfish stoicism, we may sink into moral relapse and lassitude, and while our souls dwindle and

our horizons narrow, we may fancy that we have gained that ease, dignity, and rest.

But this is neither the Contentment of Paul, nor that of which the strong old Spenserian numbers tell.

This highest Contentment must, it seems to us, be of slow growth: the ripe bloom spreading itself over a character which has gained its depth and richness out of profound experiences of living and suffering.

It is true philosophy—it is better than that—it is true Christianity, to accept the Inevitable in life, the necessities and limitations of our lot.

Men had learned, long before Solomon declared it, that "all the glory and power of the world was vanity," and, sooner or later, every soul out of its depths echoes the cry of the royal Hebrew.

There are passions of Envy and Jealousy, there are petty rivalries, and all the meannesses and hatreds that come of them, to be subdued in all human souls before one can attain the strength and calm of true Contentment. One woe must have sounded many of the shallows of life, and gauged at their right worth, many of its glittering superficialities, before the hot impatience, the restlessness, the hungry ambitions will be slaked at the sweet waters of the River of God.

Contentment of this sort never palsies the energies of character, but imparts a steady glow to motive and actions, and sweetens and elevates the whole life.

Contentment does not make of living less a labor and a struggle, but it imparts its own subtle harmony to this, and from its high stand-point it looks over the narrow landscape of the Present to that Future which is to justify and solve all the difficulties of time.

And here, again, we come back to the Christian type of character as the only one in which true Contentment can abide. Look at Paul; his industries never flagged, his energies always in a steady heat, his enthusiasm of purpose always spurring him on to fresh aggressions and superhuman labors, and yet, his own words bear witness in what a "large content" he held that strong, passionate, eager soul of his.

And we must not, to use the words of another, who has caught something of the fine ardor that alike braced and stimulated Paul—

"We must not make the ideas of Contentment and Aspiration quarrel, for God made them fast friends.

"The very fruit of the Gospel is Aspiration. It is to the human heart what spring is to the earth, making every root, and bud, and bough desire to be more."

V. F. F.

ALONE.

BY CORA MAY.

There are happy wives that sit to-night,

By the glowing hearthstone waiting

To catch the sound of the dear one's step,

That will quicken their warm heart's beating.

They sit and smile in their sweet content

And fly, with fond carressing,

To meet the one whose love imparts

To life its sweetest blessing.

I sit alone in the firelight's glow,

With a deep and passionate yearning

For the fond caress, for the loving words,

For the dear one's swift returning.

I sit and weep; for no coming step

Sets my glad heart's pulses leaping.

No sheltering arms shut out the storm

So fiercely o'er me sweeping.

Adown in the future I dimly see

Through the blinding tears of sorrow,

A time when my heart will leap for joy,

And sing, "He will come to-morrow."

HAWTHORNE'S NOTE-BOOK.

Some of the passages from Hawthorne's Note-Book which are appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, are curious enough. Many of them are the first suggestions of stories to be wrought out by the author's rare and fertile imagination. We take a few from the November number.

"Concord, 1843.—To sit at the gate of Heaven, and watch persons as they apply for admittance, some gaining it, others being thrust away."

"To point out the moral slavery of one who deems himself a free man."

"The streak of sunshine journeying through the prisoner's cell,—it may be considered as something sent from Heaven to keep the soul alive and glad within him. And there is something equivalent to this sunbeam in the darkest circumstances; as flowers, which figuratively grew in Paradise, in the dusky room of a poor maiden in a great city; the child with its sunny smile, is a cherub. God does not let us live anywhere or anyhow on earth without placing something of Heaven close at hand, by rightly using and considering which, the earthly darkness or trouble will vanish, and all be Heaven."

"A young girl inhabits a family graveyard, that being all that remains of rich hereditary possessions."

"To write a dream, which shall resemble the real course of a dream, with all its inconsistencies, its strange transformations, which are all taken as a matter of course, its eccentricities and aimlessness, with nevertheless a leading idea running through the whole. Up to this old age of the world, no such thing ever has been written."

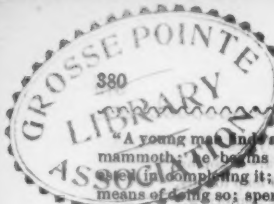
"A task for a subjugated fiend:—to gather up all the fallen autumnal leaves of a forest, assort them, and affix each one to the twig where it originally grew."

"The history of an almshouse in a country village, from the era of its foundation downward,—a record of the remarkable occupants of it, and extracts from interesting portions of its annals. The rich of one generation might, in the next, seek for a house there, either in their own persons or in those of their representatives. Perhaps the son and heir of the founder might have no better refuge. There should be occasional sunshine let into the story; for instance, the good fortune of some nameless infant, educated there, and discovered finally to be the child of wealthy parents."

"The conversation of the steeples of a city, when their bells are ringing on Sunday—Calvinist, Episcopalian, Unitarian, etc."

"To consider a piece of gold as a sort of talisman, or as containing within itself all the forms of enjoyment that it can purchase, so that they might appear, by some fantastical chemic process, as visions."

"The magic ray of sunshine for a child's story—the sunshine circling round through a prisoner's cell, from his high and narrow window. He keeps his soul alive and cheerful by means of it, it typifying cheerfulness; and when he is released, he takes up the ray of sunshine, and carries it away with him, and it enables him to discover treasures all over the world, in places where nobody else would think of looking for them."



"A young man finds a portion of the skeleton of a mammoth; he begins by degrees to become interested in completing it; searches round the world for means of doing so; spends youth and manhood in the pursuit; and in old age has nothing to show for his life but this skeleton of a mammoth."

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"Man, in opposition to everything else in nature, thrives best when worst fed.

"Very few would assent to this proposition as it stands; but cover it with a little pseudo-science, and garnish it well with fine talk about physiology, health, beauty, simple diet, etc., and you have the actual, if not the avowed, theory of many. A man who would attempt to rear prize-cattle on straw would be likely to have his sanity doubted. Should he advocate a corresponding diet for men, he would be in danger of being called a philosopher. There are many such philosophers in these days; and it has become very popular to commend a meagre diet. It is a favorite notion with these theorists, that most of the various ills that flesh is heir to may be ascribed to one cause—over-feeding—especially during childhood. And no exaggerated are the effects attributed to 'high living,' that parents, in their anxiety to be on the safe side, are unwittingly carried to the other extreme, and feed their children too little, instead of too much. While chemistry, physiology, and common experience alike teach that children require more abundant and more nutritious food than adults, they are generally put off with not only an inferior quality, but an inferior quantity."

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Physicians have counseled patients who are troubled with diseases of the lungs, for out-door exercise, to walk up some easy ascent, taking care to control their breathing, so that it shall be no shorter or quicker at the top of the hill than at the bottom; practising this in the bracing morning air, quickening their pace each time until they are able to run up the hill. For in-door exercise they have advised the singing of cheerful, lively music, and this advice has been followed with happy effects. These hints are well worthy of attention by persons who have weak lungs.

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"Fill a pot with coarse moss of any kind, in the same manner as it would be filled with earth, and place a cutting or a seed in this moss; it will succeed admirably, especially with plants destined to ornament the drawing-room. In such a situation, plants grown in moss will thrive better than in garden mould, and possess the very great advantage of not causing dirt by the earth washing out of them when watered. The explanation of the practice seems to be this: that moss rammed into a pot, and subjected to continual watering, is soon brought into a state of decomposition, when it becomes a very pure vegetable mould, and it is well known that every pure vegetable mould is the most proper of all materials for the growth of almost all kinds of plants. The moss would also not retain more moisture than precisely the quantity best adapted to the absorbent powers of the root, a condition which can scarcely be obtained with any certainty by the use of earth."

Embroidery and Needle-work Patterns.

Besides our extensive illustrations of costume by Mme. Demorest, we give, in this number of the Home Magazine, four full pages of patterns for ornamental needle-work. During 1867, we shall give in each number a great variety of these patterns. Our lady readers are calling for them, and the Home Magazine must not be, even in this, behind any of its competitors.

THE WONDERS OF SEED.

"Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest of a poppy or a bluebell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about in the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds.

"About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnaeus, who has been called 'the father of botany,' reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

"Well, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak, to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell unnoticed, and sixty years after, it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade."

WATCHES, THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

Mr. E. Grafton, in his book on horology, gives the following directions as to the management of a watch: 1. Wind your watch up as nearly as possible at the same hour every day. 2. Be careful that your key is in good condition, as there is much danger of injuring the watch when the key is worn or cracked. There are more main-springs and chains broken through a jerk in winding than from any other cause; and such injury will sooner or later be the result if the key be in bad order. 3. As all metals contract by cold, and expand by heat, it must be manifest that to keep the watch as nearly as possible at one temperature is a necessary piece of attention. 4. Keep the watch as constantly as possible in one position—that is, if it hangs by day, let it hang by night against something soft. 5. The hands of a pocket-chronometer or duplex watch should never be set backwards; in other watches this is a matter of no consequence. 6. The glass should never be opened in watches that set and regulate at the back. 7. On regulating a watch, should it be fast, move the regulator a trifle towards the slow; and, if going slow, do the reverse. You cannot move the regulator too slightly or too gently at a time; and the only inconvenience that can arise from your not moving it sufficiently is, that you may have to perform the duty more than once. On the contrary, if you move the regulator too much at a time, you will be as far, if not farther than ever, from attaining your object, so that you may repeat the movement until quite tired and disappointed. 8. See that your watch-pocket is

in good order, free from flue or nap. Cleanliness here is as needful as in the key before winding; if there be dust or dirt in either instance, it will be sure to work its way into the watch, as well as wear away the engine-turning of the case, and even the case itself.

THE ART OF AMUSING.

Carleton, of New York, has just published a volume of graceful arts, merry games, odd tricks, curious puzzles and charades; together with suggestions for private theatricals, all sorts of parlor and family amusements, etc. With nearly one hundred and fifty illustrations. Perhaps there has never appeared from the press a little volume so thoroughly attractive and comprehensive in teaching the art of amusing as this. The author seems to understand that much desired accomplishment of being able to keep a party of young and even old people, in a charmingly amused and interested state for hours, and he has here shown how simple a thing it is—if you only know how. Among the thousands of instructions are: Parlor Arts and Ornaments—Card Puzzles—Hoaxes—Colored Mesmerism—Hints about Dwarfs—Tableaux Vivants and Plays—Oddities with Pen and Ink—Games for Christmas—Theatrical Performances—Optical Illusions—Magicians of Morocco—How to make Elephants—Extemporaneous Plays—Art of Ventriloquism—How to make Giants—Acting Charades—Fireworks for the House—Santa Claus at Home—Theatrical Storms and Lights. The author has plentifully sprinkled his pages with illustrations, most of which are as funny as they are interesting, and the publisher has done his part in producing a really attractive book for every family. It comes just in time for the holiday festivities.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—Messrs. J. C. Garrigue & Co., of our city, have prepared a beautiful illustrated descriptive catalogue of choice Juvenile Books, embracing their own, and the cream of the publications from other houses. They are specially adapted to the wants of Sabbath-Schools and families. Any one desirous of getting good books for the approaching holidays would do well to send for this catalogue.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.—It is with pleasure that we call attention to this excellent paper, which has already found a welcome in thousands of homes throughout the land. Its columns are filled each week with matter of interest to every member of the household; while the valuable correspondence from Sunday-schools of all denominations, and the practical articles on education, are of permanent value to every instructor of the young.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—In matters of taste, fashion, needle-work, household economy, etc., the *Lady's Book* still keeps in the van, supplying monthly to its readers an amount and variety of information on these subjects that leaves you in perpetual wonder as to the sources whence it is obtained. The patient industry, and intelligent discrimination displayed month after month, in this magazine, are marvellous. The *Lady's Book* cannot be rivalled.

"It is the result of every day's experience that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress, and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy is also of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training."

A SWINDLER.

A scamp, signing himself J. W. Stone, has been swindling the people of Fitchburg, Mass., and in other places, probably, by taking subscriptions for Home Magazine at \$1 a year. One of the victims sends us a printed receipt, got up with the heading of "Philadelphia," and with our name printed Arther & Co.

We are sorry for those who have lost their money, but it will be a warning to them not to subscribe for magazines to plausible itinerants; and particularly not to pay their money to a person who offers to send a magazine at less than half its price.

The Home Magazine employs no travelling agents, and will not be responsible for any subscriptions not sent direct to our office.

"WHETHER IT PAID."

This story, the interest of which has been so admirably sustained, is concluded in December number of the "Home Magazine." It is, without doubt, Miss Townsend's best work, and is so regarded by all we have heard speak of it. Under the title of "Darryl Gap; or, Whether it Paid," it will be published in book form early this season. It is now passing through the press in Boston.

"If we would not miss our blessings, then we must be on the alert to use them. Every day that we do not use our knowledge, it is lost to us. Riches are no better than poverty, unless we employ them in some form for the good of humanity. If we have much or little wealth of charity, we must give it, to get its blessing. We must seek and improve our occasions to communicate our kindness."

"The only way for us to retrieve a past error is to use it as a warning, and as an incentive to more diligence and watchfulness in the future."

"No possession is a blessing until we are ready to part with it, or to impart it to others. The blessing is in the use."

What the Press says of the HOME MAGAZINE:—

It is one of the standard publications of the times, and keeps pace with other progressive works of the country. It is chaste and pure in its moral tone, and contains good matter for family reading.—*Advocate, Nottelville, Wis.*

Arthur's is one of those pure and chaste magazines, which none need fear to place in the hands of the young. There is a very delightful freshness and simplicity in all its contents.—*Record, Tecumseh, Mich.*

Praise is needless, every reader of it knows this. "To have it once is to want it again."—*National Banner, Ligonier, Ind.*

The most complete and popular magazine for the home circle, now published in America.—*Journal, Middletown, Ohio.*

Unlike most of the sickly trash of which the ordinary literature of the day is composed, the reading matter in Arthur's Magazine is of a high-toned moral character, and parents can have no hesitancy in placing it in the hands of their offspring. No wonder that it is a universal favorite.—*Sentinel, Centralia, Ill.*

No home need be anything but cheery and happy where this magazine is read.—*Pioneer, Presque Isle, Maine.*

At our home it is always welcome. Of its class, we know nothing equal to it.—*Christian Advocate, Portland, Oregon.*

It is not excelled by anything in the way of a Ladies' Magazine.—*Times, Waterville, N. Y.*

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1867.

Our Prospectus for next year is published in this number. We shall make no change in the character of our magazine. All the writers who have heretofore given such vitality and freshness to its pages, will continue their pleasant intercourse with our readers.

The serial story, commencing in January, will be from the pen of the author of "WATCHING AND WAITING," whose articles have attracted so much attention, and received such strong approval. Its title will be "PAULINE." For skilful development of character, deep feeling, and moral power, this writer has few equals. We anticipate a story of great interest.

From Miss TOWNSEND we shall have a series of those charming stories that go straight to the reader's heart; while Mr. ARTHUR has in store, gathered from many fields of observations, life-lessons for all classes, young and old, rich and poor.

Our FASHION DEPARTMENT has been placed entirely in the hands of MME. DEMOREST, of New York, who is known as the arbiter of Fashion in America. By this arrangement, we give to the lady readers of the Home Magazine the actual styles of dress in vogue. A large number of well-described illustrations of fashions will appear in every number. Particular attention will be paid to children's dresses.

As we have often said before, MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS EARLY. See the members of the club for this year at the first opportunity, and secure their names for the next year. And, if possible, make the club larger.

We add a club for 1867 (14 copies for \$21, and an extra copy to the one who gets it up) which will put the magazine at \$1.50, net, to each member of the club. This reduction will enable many of our friends to make up their clubs easier, and to largely increase their size.

Any club subscriber of the Home Magazine who desires Mr. Arthur's new juvenile magazine, "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," can have it for \$1.

For \$4.50 we send Home Magazine and Lady's Book. For \$3 we send Home Magazine and Children's Hour. For \$4.50 we send Home Magazine and Demorest's Monthly Magazine.

For premiums, we have selected two beautiful companion pictures, entitled "THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS," and the "RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS." They are very fine.

The first number of "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" is now ready, and will be sent as a specimen for 10 cents.

Postage on the Home Magazine is twelve cents a year, paid quarterly in advance at the office where it is received.

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MOSS IN FLOWER-POTS.

"Fill a pot with coarse moss of any kind, in the same manner as it would be filled with earth, and place a cutting or a seed in this moss; it will succeed admirably, especially with plants destined to ornament the drawing-room. In such a situation, plants grown in moss will thrive better than in garden mould, and possess the very great advantage of not causing dirt by the earth washing out of them when watered. The explanation of the practice seems to be this: that moss rammed into a pot, and subjected to continual watering, is soon brought into a state of decomposition, when it becomes a very pure vegetable mould, and it is well known that every pure vegetable mould is the most proper of all materials for the growth of almost all kinds of plants. The moss would also not retain more moisture than precisely the quantity best adapted to the absorbent powers of the root, a condition which can scarcely be obtained with any certainty by the use of earth."

Besides our extensive illustrations of costume by Mme. Demorest, we give, in this number of the *Home Magazine*, four full pages of patterns for ornamental needle-work. During 1897, we shall give in each number a great variety of these patterns. Our lady readers are calling for them, and the *Home Magazine* must not be, even in this, behind any of its competitors.

THE WONDERS OF SEED.

"Is there upon earth a machine, is there a palace, is there even a city, which contains so much that is wonderful as is enclosed in a single little seed—one grain of corn, one little brown apple-seed, one small seed of a tree, picked up, perhaps, by a sparrow for her little ones, the smallest of a poppy or a bluebell, or even one of the seeds that are so small that they float about in the air invisible to our eyes? Ah! there is a world of marvel and brilliant beauties hidden in each of these tiny seeds.

"About a hundred and fifty years ago, the celebrated Linnaeus, who has been called 'the father of botany,' reckoned about 8,000 different kinds of plants; and he then thought that the whole number existing could not much exceed 10,000. But, a hundred years after him, M. de Candolle, of Geneva, described 40,000 kinds of plants, and he supposed it possible that the number might even amount to 100,000.

"Well, have these 100,000 kinds of plants ever failed to bear the right seed? Have they ever deceived us? Has a seed of wheat ever yielded barley, or a seed of a poppy grown up into a sunflower? Has a sycamore tree ever sprung from an acorn, or a beech tree from a chestnut? A little bird may carry away the small seed of a sycamore in its beak, to feed its nestlings, and on the way may drop it on the ground. The tiny seed may spring up and grow where it fell unnoticed, and sixty years after, it may become a magnificent tree, under which the flocks of the valleys and their shepherds may rest in the shade."

WATCHES, THEIR USE AND ABUSE.

Mr. E. Grafton, in his book on horology, gives the following directions as to the management of a watch: 1. Wind your watch up as nearly as possible at the same hour every day. 2. Be careful that your key is in good condition, as there is much danger of injuring the watch when the key is worn or cracked. There are more main-springs and chains broken through a jerk in winding than from any other cause; and such injury will sooner or later be the result if the key be in bad order. 3. As all metals contract by cold, and expand by heat, it must be manifest that to keep the watch as nearly as possible at one temperature is a necessary piece of attention. 4. Keep the watch as constantly as possible in one position—that is, if it hangs by day, let it hang by night against something soft. 5. The hands of a pocket-chronometer or duplex watch should never be set backwards; in other watches this is a matter of no consequence. 6. The glass should never be opened in watches that set and regulate at the back. 7. On regulating a watch, should it be fast, move the regulator a trifle towards the slow; and, if going slow, do the reverse. You cannot move the regulator too slightly or too gently at a time; and the only inconvenience that can arise from your not moving it sufficiently is, that you may have to perform the duty more than once. On the contrary, if you move the regulator too much at a time, you will be as far, if not farther than ever, from attaining your object, so that you may repeat the movement until quite tired and disappointed. 8. See that your watch-pocket is

here is as needful as in the key before winding; if there be dust or dirt in either instance, it will be sure to work its way into the watch, as we wear away the engine-turning of the case, and then the case itself.

THE ART OF AMUSING.

Carlton, of New York, has just published a volume of graceful arts, merry games, odd tricks, curious puzzles and charades; together with suggestions for private theatricals, all sorts of parlor and family amusements, etc. With nearly one hundred and fifty illustrations. Perhaps there has never appeared from the press a little volume so thoroughly attractive and comprehensive in teaching the art of amusing as this. The author seems to understand that much desired accomplishment of being able to keep a party of young and even old people, in a charmingly amused and interested state for hours, and he has here shown how simple a thing it is—if you only know how. Among the thousands of instructions are: Parlor Arts and Ornaments—Card Puzzles—Hoaxes—Colored Mesmerism—Hints about Dwarfs—Tableaux Vivants and Plays—Oddities with Pen and Ink—Games for Christmas—Theatrical Performances—Optical Illusions—Magicians of Morocco—How to make Elephants—Extemporaneous Plays—Art of Ventriloquism—How to make Giants—Acting Charades—Fireworks for the House—Santa Claus at Home—Theatrical Storms and Lights. The author has plentifully sprinkled his pages with illustrations, most of which are as funny as they are interesting, and the publisher has done his part in producing a really attractive book for every family. It comes just in time for the holiday festivities.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—Messrs. J. C. Garrigues & Co., of our city, have prepared a beautiful illustrated descriptive catalogue of choice Juvenile Books, embracing their own, and the cream of the publications from other houses. They are specially adapted to the wants of Sabbath-Schools and families. Any one desirous of getting good books for the approaching holidays would do well to send for this catalogue.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES.—It is with pleasure that we call attention to this excellent paper, which has already found a welcome in thousands of homes throughout the land. Its columns are filled each week with matter of interest to every member of the household; while the valuable correspondence from Sunday-schools of all denominations, and the practical articles on education, are of permanent value to every instructor of the young.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.—In matters of taste, fashion, needle-work, household economy, etc., the *Lady's Book* still keeps in the van, supplying monthly to its readers an amount and variety of information on these subjects that leaves you in perpetual wonder as to the sources whence it is obtained. The patient industry, and intelligent discrimination displayed month after month, in this magazine, are marvellous. The *Lady's Book* cannot be rivalled.

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A SWINDLER.

A scamp, signing himself J. W. Stone, has been swindling the people of Fitchburg, Mass., and in other places, probably, by taking subscriptions for *Home Magazine* at a year. One of the victims sends us a printed receipt got up with the heading of "Philadelphia," and with our name printed Arthur & Co.

We are sorry for those who have lost their money, but it will be a warning to them not to subscribe for magazines to plausible itinerants; and particularly not to pay their money to a person who offers to send a magazine at less than half its price.

The *Home Magazine* employs no travelling agents, and will not be responsible for any subscriptions not sent direct to our office.

"WHETHER IT PAID."

This story, the interest of which has been so admirably sustained, is concluded in December number of the "*Home Magazine*." It is, without doubt, Miss Townsend's best work, and is so regarded by all we have heard speak of it. Under the title of "Darryl Gap; or, Whether it Paid," it will be published in book form early this season. It is now passing through the press in Boston.

"If we would not miss our blessings, then we must be on the alert to use them. Every day that we do not use our knowledge, it is lost to us. Riches are no better than poverty, unless we employ them in some form for the good of humanity. If we have much or little wealth of charity, we must give it, to get its blessing. We must seek and improve our occasions to communicate our kindness."

"The only way for us to retrieve a past error is to use it as a warning, and as an incentive to more diligence and watchfulness in the future."

"No possession is a blessing until we are ready to part with it, or to impart it to others. The blessing is in the use."

What the Press says of the HOME MAGAZINE:—

It is one of the standard publications of the times, and keeps pace with other progressive works of the country. It is chaste and pure in its moral tone, and contains good matter for family reading.—*Advocate, Natickville, Wis.*

Arthur's is one of those pure and chaste magazines, which none need fear to place in the hands of the young. There is a very delightful freshness and simplicity in all its contents.—*Record, Tecumseh, Mich.*

Praise is needless, every reader of it knows this. "To have it once is to want it again."—*National Banner, Ligonier, Ind.*

The most complete and popular magazine for the home circle, now published in America.—*Journal, Mukketown, Ohio.*

Unlike most of the sickly trash of which the ordinary literature of the day is composed, the reading matter in *Arthur's Magazine* is of a high-toned moral character, and parents can have no hesitancy in placing it in the hands of their offspring. No wonder that it is a universal favorite.—*Sentinel, Centralia, Ill.*

No home need be anything but cheery and happy where this magazine is read.—*Pioneer, Presque Isle, Maine.*

At our home it is always welcome. Of its class, we know nothing equal to it.—*Christian Advocate, Portland, Oregon.*

It is not excelled by anything in the way of a *Ladies' Magazine*.—*Times, Waterville, N. Y.*

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1887.

Our Prospectus for next year is published number. We shall make no change in the character of our magazine. All the writers who have before given such vitality and freshness to its pages will continue their pleasant labors for our readers.

The serial story, commenced in January, 1886, from the pen of the author of "PAULINE," is "WAITING," whose articles have attracted much attention, and received such favorable notice. The title will be "PAULINE." For its character, deep feeling, and interest, it has few equals. We anticipate much interest.

From Miss Townsend we shall receive charming stories that go straight to the heart, while Mr. Arthur has in store for us new fields of observations, life-like pictures of the young and old, rich and poor.

Our FASHION DEPARTMENT has been placed entirely in the hands of MME. DEMOREST, of New York, who is known as the arbiter of Fashion in America. By this arrangement, we give to the readers of the *Home Magazine* the actual styles in dress in vogue. A large number of well-decorated illustrations of fashions will appear in every number. Particular attention will be paid to children's costumes.

As we have often said before, MAKE UP YOUR MINDS EARLY. See the members of the club for this year at the first opportunity, and secure the names for the next year. And, if possible, make the club larger.

— We add a club for 1887 (14 copies for \$21, and an extra copy to the one who gets it up) which will cost the magazine at \$1.50, net, to each member of the club. This reduction will enable many of our friends to make up their clubs easier, and to largely increase their size.

Any club subscriber of the *Home Magazine* who desires Mr. Arthur's new juvenile magazine, "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," can have it for \$1.

For \$4.50 we send *Home Magazine* and *Lady's Magazine*. For \$3 we send *Home Magazine* and *Children's Magazine*. For \$4.50 we send *Home Magazine* and *Decorative Monthly Magazine*.

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The first number of "THE CHILDREN'S HOUR" is now ready, and will be sent as a specimen for 1887.

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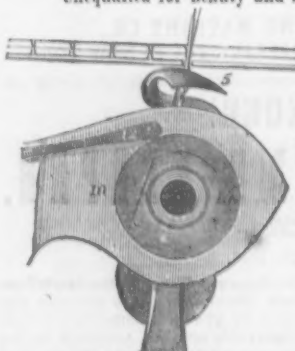
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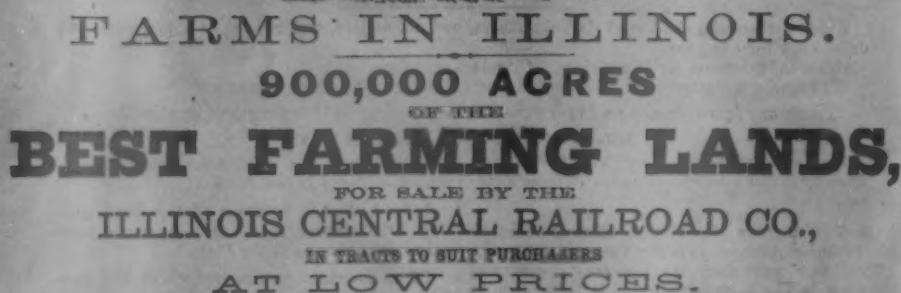
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